Week ending September 15 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

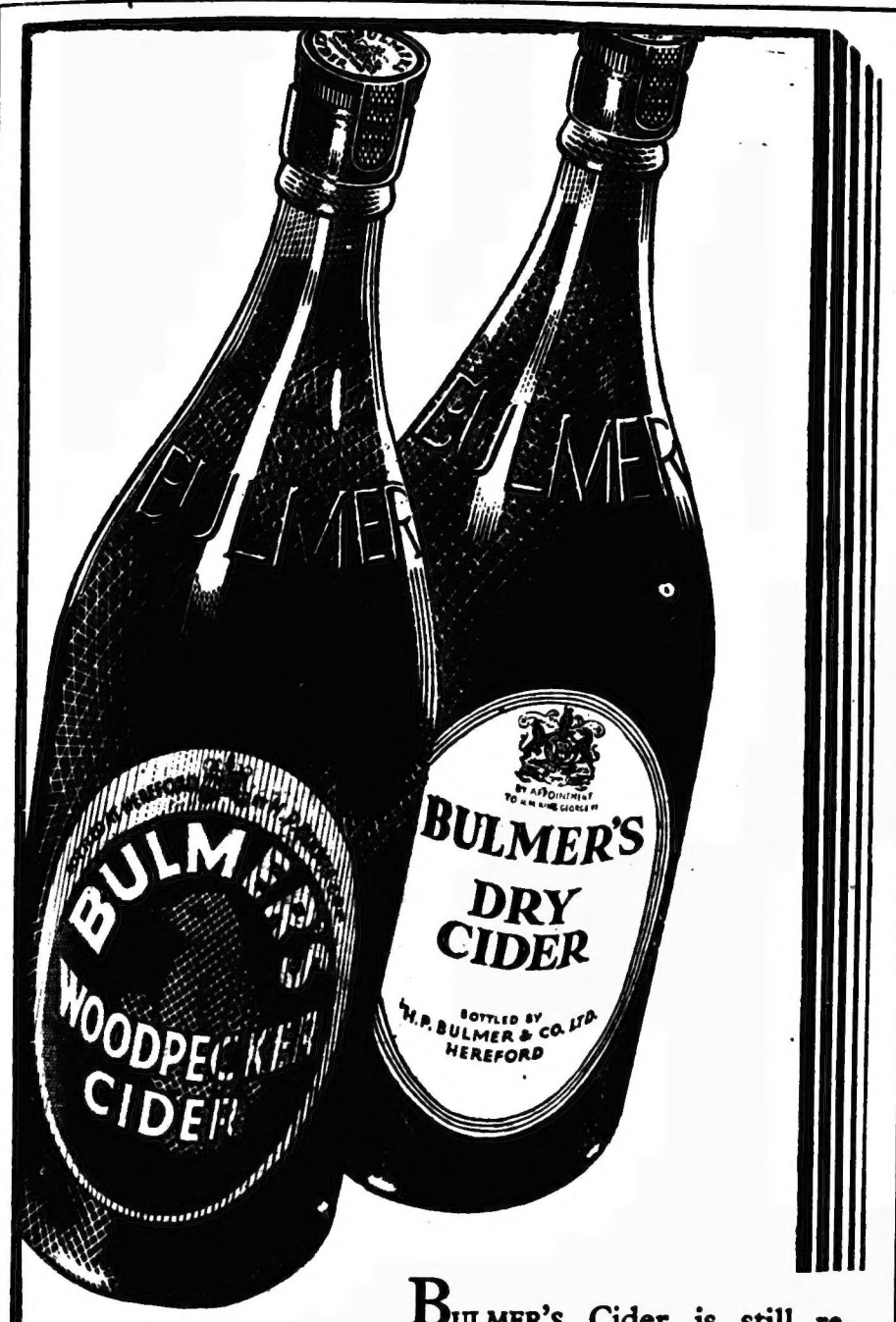
Every Thursday

ATOMS

by

G. BERNARD SHAW

See page 5



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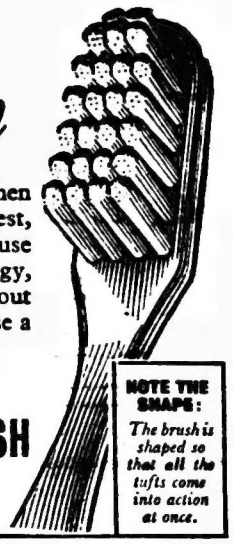

NOTE THE SHAPE: *The brush is shaped so that all the tufts come into action at once.*

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September 15 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2048 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

MAKE WORK ATTRACTIVE

MINING AND BUILDING, agriculture and cotton trades, are being given preference in the demobilisation scheme.

Rightly so, for unless we get coal and houses, food and clothes, nothing can be achieved.

The reconstruction of Britain will remain a dream, the return of prosperity a hopeless quest.

But demobilisation preference is not enough. Three of these four industries have a black record of low wages, poor conditions, recurrent unemployment.

There is nothing to attract either men and women from the Forces, or boys and girls about to start work, to the mines or the farms or the cotton mills.

It is true that the Government has power to direct labour to these jobs. But unwilling workers are not the best workers, and the jobs should be made good enough to attract volunteers.

WE MUST SEE that wages and hours and conditions of work make up for the heavy and dangerous labour of the mines, the exacting toil of the fields, the skilled drudgery of the looms.

We must ensure that our basic industries shall be as well paid, as efficient and as safe, as the new "light industries" which war has produced.

It can be done. It need not place an onerous burden on the whole community. Much of it can be started at once.

The rate of excess profits taxation, for example, can be scaled down drastically, on condition that the mill owners bring their premises up to date. Agriculture can be guaranteed a long term of fair prices and full consumption. Nationalisation will begin the process of making coal-getting safer, easier and better paid.

We must, in short, give the worker a position in the community which bears some relation to the importance and the hardships of the job he undertakes.

The Editor

Rusty Key in the Demob. Lock

News from Marshal Zhukov. Good Cheer from Mr. Bevan. Co-Ops' Big Plans. Why M. Blum is Here. Rugger Snobbery. Snoopers v. Shirkers New Racing Scandal.

THE T.U.C. DEMAND for far swifter demobilisation is causing George Isaacs, Minister of Labour, to review the question afresh for the second time. That in itself is welcome, for industry is gasping for man-power.

Transport is the key, says the Minister. It cannot be turned so quickly as we would like. The sudden collapse of Japan made necessary the complete redeployment of all our transport, land, sea and air before demobilisation could begin on any large scale.

Even so, the minimum Isaacs promises is 1,100,000 men and women out of uniform and back in "civvy street" by the end of the year. More important, he promises at the end of the month another statement. If a speed-up is humanly possible above this figure it should be made.

Bowler Hat Statistics

Every four weeks the Minister will issue a demobilisation balance-sheet. We suggested this was essential immediately after the fall of Japan. The public must know all the facts.

They should understand what are the barriers that stand between them and the immediate reunion of their fighting men.

The Government should state clearly how it plans to overcome the difficulties. The Press must find an ever-open door at the Ministry of Labour for its reporters on legitimate inquiries.

Occupation Troops

OUR SERVICE OBLIGATIONS are heavy. The work of Occupation Troops is none the less arduous because it is so often deadly dull. But it does not generally demand the same superb standards of training and fitness needed in the field

Field-Marshal Montgomery, for example, will be grieved to see the last of the crack divisions who fought with him from El Alamein to the heart of the Reich.

The replacements will fall short of Guard turn-out standards. Big parades in Berlin will not look so impressive. But the veterans will be back home. That is what matters most.

Misunderstood

Big parades can be overdone in occupation areas. For example, the original Desert Rats, the immortal 7th Armoured Division, did their stuff in Berlin a few weeks ago. Special instructions were given that it was to be a super spit-and-polish affair. The men obliged.

A British officer (now a Labour M.P.) watched the parade. In the evening he had dinner with some Red Army officers. The parade had been designed understandably, to impress the Red Army observers

"You seem to have an amazing number of good men left," said a Russian colonel. "How much fighting did those troops do whom we saw this afternoon?" The officer (a Desert Rat himself) was left almost speechless.

Red Army Wrong

But the bulk of the Red Army, up to the highest rank, still has the oddest ideas about what we did in the war. Berlin, many of them say, was a tribute to the efficiency of the Red Air Force bombers. R.A.F. and American raids were unimportant!

The truth is that the Western Allies were responsible for almost all strategic and tactical bombing in Germany itself.

Even Marshal Zhukov, Soviet representative on the Allied Commission in Berlin, knew very little of what had been done by British land, sea and air forces. He knows a good deal more now, and, being a first-rate military man, he grasps facts quickly. All to the good.

REMEMBER HER?

NEXT Tuesday will be the thirty-ninth birthday of a woman who has had more publicity than any other of our age. And to-day she is almost forgotten.

She has blonde hair and classical features. Her voice is best described as "smoky." She loves to take solitary walks, to be "aloon."

Most filmgoers now need a reminder of the name of Greta Garbo, for it is four years since her last film, "Two-Faced Woman," appeared—and was banned to Catholics as a danger to morality.

You know her career. Haven't we all read how she was an assistant in a Swedish store, was chosen as a model by the advertisement director, acted Shakespeare on the stage, and was taken up by Hollywood?

Thus the blue-eyed, golden-haired Greta Gustaffson became the film star earning £94,000 a year; often engaged by rumour, always disdainful of personal publicity

And now? She has bought a dingy, brownstone apartment house in New York for £3,250, and is having it remodelled for her residence. Hollywood has probably seen the last of Greta Garbo.

Rapid Remedy

Plain words are called for. Begin with the beginning. The Soviet authorities were not justified in denying facilities to British War Correspondents to join the Red Army in its thrust to the west, while Soviet journalists were functioning quite freely with the British and American forces in Europe.

The Soviet authorities had no business to surround British and American correspondents in Moscow with red tape and a censorship that made history in censorship stupidity.

Surely they cannot find any excuse now for such methods! It would be in the interests of both countries if British correspondents in Russia were given freedom of movement.

What is just as important, foreign correspondents should be allowed to enter Russian-liberated territory—Rumania, Bulgaria, parts of Germany and Austria.

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"Nye" the Optimist

ANEURIN BEVAN, Minister of Health, chief of staff in Britain's housing drive, is bored with the pessimists. "I believe this country has the resources, the brains, and the manpower to work wonders," he says.

We agree. Hard times lie ahead. What will come out of them? We believe with Bevan—the best can and will be got.

Bevan is right, for example, on prefabricated houses. He has told the local authorities that prefabrication is a stopgap. Local authorities should concentrate on permanent houses first and foremost.

London Fair

BEVAN'S FAITH in British resources and brains might be shared by all the world if one fine idea were adopted. It is suggested that London should become what Leipzig was before the war—site of a great trade fair.

Leipzig attracted 750,000 visitors each year, all business men with contracts to place. London might do better still.

But all the firms in each industry would have to agree to have offices in a central building, to show their samples in a single exhibition hall. Would they be willing for such close co-operation? The answer, we are told, is doubtful, though A. J. Townsend, of the Institute of Export, can point with pride to the fact that the textile industry, at least, has agreed on a common centre.

Supply to Stay

THE "Wind up the wartime Ministries! Sack the Civil Servants!" cry is already to be heard, and no doubt it will rise to a yell when Parliament reassembles.

Sir Stafford Cripps will be able to answer blandly that he has already merged the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Production. The job was done without fuss—and almost overnight.

The fact that John Wilmot is both Minister of Supply and Minister of Aircraft Production suggests that the second will not remain a separate Department much longer. But Wilmot won't lose his first title—even though it was a war-time creation.

Nothing Private

Truth is, we shall still need the Ministry of Supply—to provide many of the materials by which peace-time Britain can be made tolerable.

We must see, moreover, that the vast ordnance factories it controls shall not

be given to private enterprises, as happened after the last war. Those factories were built for the State, paid for by the State, and must continue to work for the State rather than for groups of private shareholders.

Front Bench Silversmith

NOT MUCH IN THE NEWS YET is Alfred Barnes, Minister of War Transport. At fifty-eight, indeed, he is one of the least known Labour men—but one of the most remarkable.

A silversmith by trade, he was a national co-operative leader before he was thirty. Against tough opposition from many of his own co-operative associates, he planned and fought through the amalgamation of several separate London co-operative societies to make the gigantic London Co-operative Society.

To-day it has nearly a million members and an annual trade of over £17,000,000. The L.C.S. has a massive development programme — and the capital to carry it out when conditions are normal. This programme will cause some excitement when its details are known.

They Object

Extension of co-operative trade will not pass unchallenged. A group of Opposition M.P.s are getting ready for the fray.

Sir Waldron Smithers, who appears to hold that the "co-op divi" is a device of the devil, is one of them. Another is Captain L. D. Gammans. He is president of the Council of Retail Distributors, founded and initially financed by Lord Beaverbrook, which has "Down with the Co-ops" emblazoned on its banners.

Many old-established Traders' Associations regard the Beaverbrook-Gammans organisation as a most dubious ally; the National Chamber of Trade vigorously repudiates it.

Hero of Riom

LEON BLUM, leader of French Socialism, is in London this week. He comes on one of those "private visits" that sometimes result in rather political decisions. Whatever his duties in London, he has had a hearty welcome from his intimate friends, led by Prime Minister Attlee.

Since seventy-two-year-old Blum was here last in 1940, on the eve of the French collapse, he has gone through experiences that would have broken the heart and spirit of most men.

Imprisoned by the Vichy traitors, his life constantly threatened by his Quisling captors, the Germans were stupid enough to insist that Blum be brought to "trial." He faced the Supreme Court at Riom in March, 1942.

Accusers Accused

The Court could do nothing with him. Clement Attlee summed it up. "It is a dangerous thing," he declared, commenting on the trial, "for mean-minded men to bring a man of great spirit before a tribunal.

"They are apt to find themselves in the dock and the prisoner conducting the prosecution."

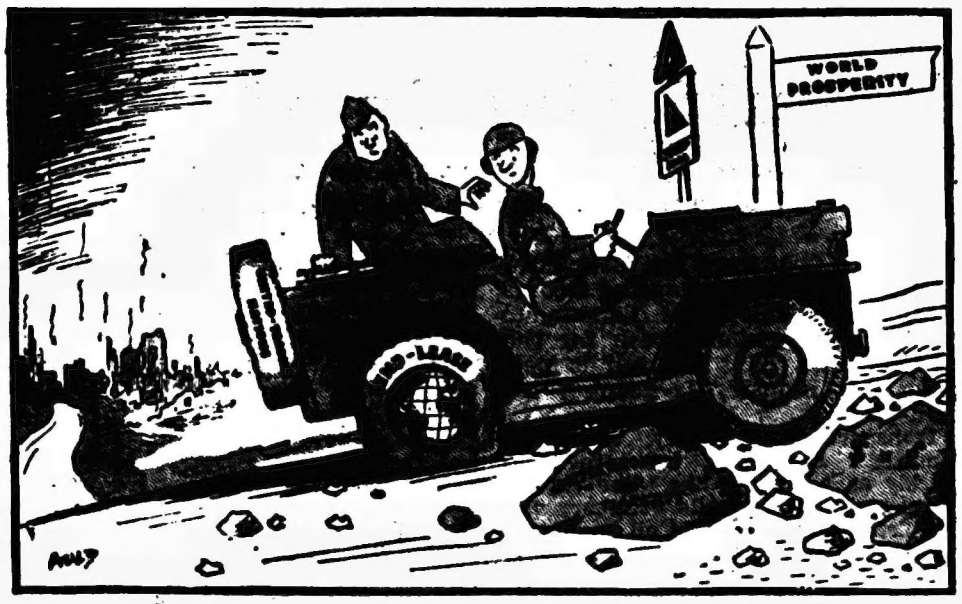
Blum baffled and ridiculed his enemies with the same elegant practised skill he demonstrated in his youth as a fencer, when he was listed among the best swordsmen in Europe.

Back from the Dead

After the abortive trial, Vichy handed him over to the Nazis. There was acute anxiety in this country and in France itself about Blum's fate. He was reported dead at least three times.

He received a royal reception on his return to Paris. He is still among the five most powerful men in France. Whether he will even try to play a part in creating a coherent pattern out of the complicated politics of his country is uncertain.

What he will certainly do is to help in the recreation of the Second International—the organisation of the world's Labour and Social Democratic Parties. Some of the private consultations M. Blum is now having with Labour leaders are on this subject.



"That old tyre don't look so good for this part of the trip, Buddy. Hold on while I try the spare"

Snoopers?

SOME PAPERS ARE trying to convince the public that a vast horde of overpaid, underworked Ministry of Food spies is running around trying to trap innocent shopkeepers and tradesmen into breaches of the law.

We don't like snoopers. We dislike the technique under which a civil servant tries to provoke the commission of an offence against regulations and then gives evidence for the prosecution.

Lord Woolton saw it as a regrettable necessity. So does his successor at the Food Ministry, Sir Ben Smith. But the public is largely to blame. Time and time again angry consumers who have been fleeced by some shark write indignant letters to Food Control Committees. But when the Committees beg them to substantiate their complaint by going to Court, they flatly refuse.

Comfortable for Life

We had experience of a blackmarket man in the North who eventually, by sheer accident, was careless; he was put behind bars.

The food authorities in his area had been trying for over two years to catch him out! He was convicted on minor offences several times. He had the impertinence to complain, on one of those minor charges, that he "was being persecuted by petty Ministry officials"!

Members of the public who could have helped, refused to give evidence, despite appeals made to them. The man is out of jail now and out of business, living comfortably on a sizeable fortune he made as a racketeer. There are others like him who have escaped prison; shouldn't we help to put them where they belong?

All In!

ERNEST BEVIN is due to retire from the biggest trade union in the world—the Transport and General Workers. So a new General Secretary must be found.

It is a massive job. Bevin summed it up once in a personal story. He was negotiating with a Midland chocolate firm. The directors expressed surprise to see him. They thought he concentrated on "transport" questions.

"Near this city," replied Bevin, "I organised the midwives into a section of our union. In the same area, we brought the gravediggers employed by the local council into membership. Gentlemen, anything between a midwife and a gravedigger is a potential member of the Transport and General Workers' Union!"

A. G. G.

OUR DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTOR, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, has entered hospital for an operation, and is therefore temporarily unable to write his weekly article for JOHN BULL.

His many readers will, we are sure, share our wish for his speedy recovery.

Really, Old Chaps

IT TAKES A WAR to bring the rugby players together. During the dark years from which we are emerging the august Rugby Union has actually allowed professionals from the Northern Rugby League to play in international matches for England.

Now, this is likely to be stopped. Apparently pros. somehow pollute the pure public school atmosphere of "rugger!" This is odd, because many rugger players used to have trials under assumed names for Rugby League clubs. If they were not engaged they came back into the Rugby Union game without a stain on their characters.

The Rugby Union needs a little democracy. Many clubs insist on public school education—if not, positively no admission.

Forget It

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of talk about the next Olympic Games for London. But it is a moot point whether these international athletic fiestas are a good thing. The last affair at Berlin in 1936 had its seamy side.

And where could we stage the affair in London. Yes, there's Wembley and White City. But we haven't even got a decent cycle track to put on really big events.

No, to forget the Olympics for a year or two might be a good idea.

Sports Swindles

UNOFFICIAL horse, dog and pony racing is growing. These are called "flapping" meetings and are excellent examples of all the worst features which have been eliminated from properly controlled fixtures.

With a little surreptitious cock-fighting going on in the dales and these swindling "flapping" meetings horse and dog racing, now exemplary in their control, are being threatened.

Chuter Ede's Chance to Make History

DARTMOOR PRISON, oldest penal settlement in England, is now a military prison, a "glasshouse." Reports state that it is intended to transfer the convicts to other jails and give the military full control.

For the moment, however, both military and civil prisoners are housed on the "Moor." The military are to be sent there, according to one penal spokesman, in order to have the advantages of "healthy outdoor work"!

As a war time emergency this decision might conceivably be justified, but now that peace is here JOHN BULL urges the Labour Government to make a clean sweep of Dartmoor.

For more than a century it has been a sink of iniquity, a blot on England's good name.

In 1800, Mr. Tyrwhitt, assiduous toady to the Prince of Wales, took over the tract of desolate moorland to found an agricultural settlement, which he named after the first "Gentleman in Europe," his idol. But Princetown, so auspiciously inaugurated, failed to prosper, and when the Napoleonic Wars brought an influx of French and American prisoners the Admiralty decided to make the colony a prisoner-of-war settlement.

The contractors made a cut-price bid and then scamped their work abominably. In 1809, when the prison was finally ready for occupation, roofs leaked, floors subsided, and the only solid thing about the place was the granite walls.

Five thousand prisoners-of-war were marched in and left to their own discipline committees. Soon life in the settlement was a public scandal. A Plymouth coroner complained that he must charge extra for attending the numerous inquests on prisoners killed in duels.

Local sentiment favoured the prisoners. A French officer captured in Jamaica had papers which showed his escape had been aided by Devon folk, including an alderman, who had all shared the French Government's reward.

CONDEMNED and at last abandoned, Princetown Settlement was left derelict. But when the Colonies refused to accept more convicts it was again opened up. In the late 'fifties, under Sir Joshua Webb, the great humanitarian, conditions were good for a while. So generous was the prison fare that hungry children from the moorland villages used to visit the jail daily to collect the scraps. Subsequent administrations, however, were brutal and oppressive. Mutinies, escapes, suicides, self-mutilations, fearful floggings—it is a long and horrible record of stupidity and shame.

Even in recent times mutinies have been numerous, the worst in 1932. There were 440 prisoners; 139 staff. Only truncheons were normally carried; old-pattern guns were used by the night patrols. Skeleton keys, hacksaws and improvised weapons were known to be concealed in the building. Finally, there was a riotous outbreak, fortunately suppressed without loss of life.

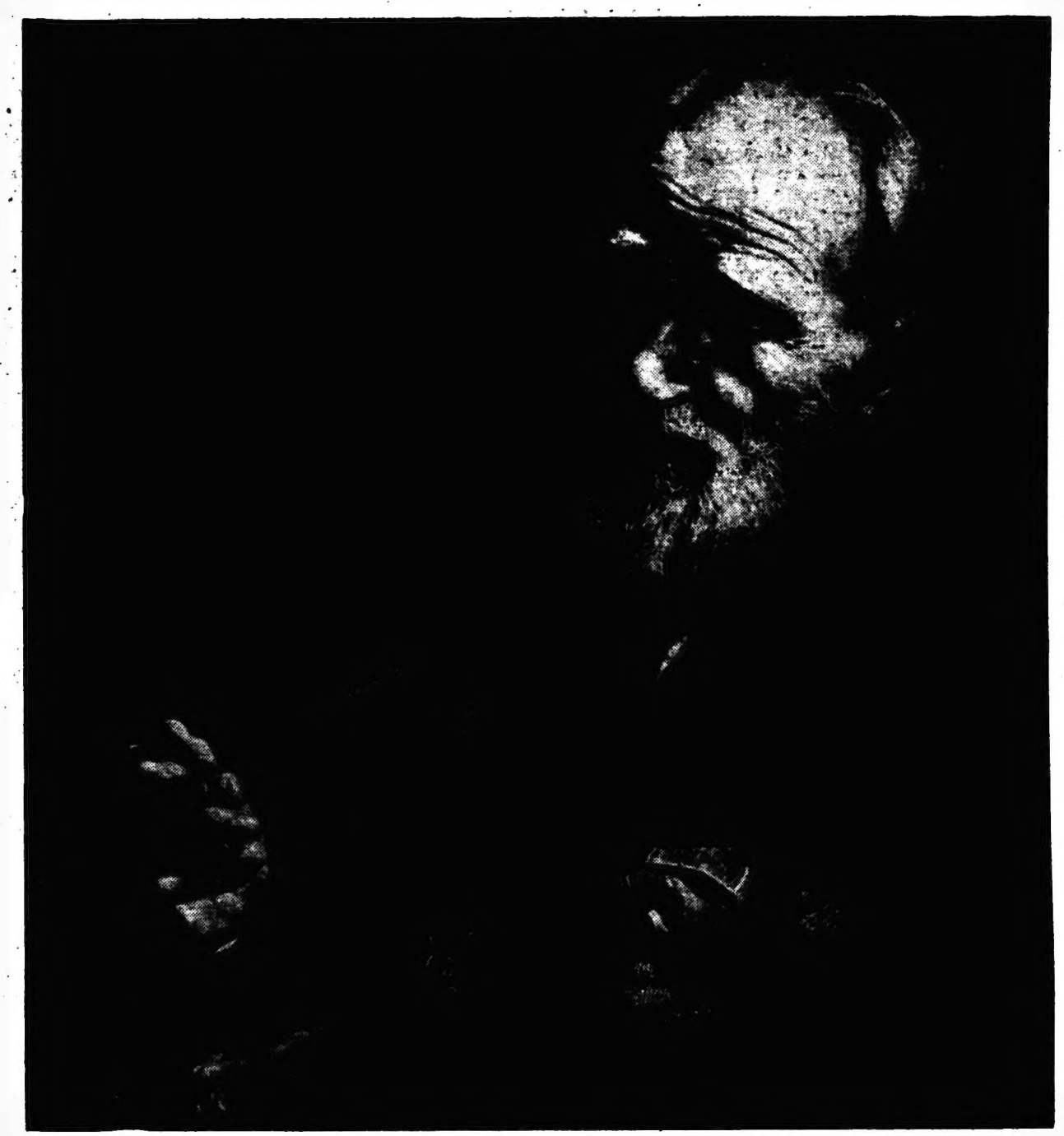
IN the inquiry, H. du Parc, K.C., said he was satisfied the prison was "unsuitable."

Herbert Morrison is known to have expressed the opinion that Dartmoor is a disgrace to Britain. He is no longer at the Home Office, but his successor, Mr. Chuter Ede, is known for his enlightened attitude to penal reform.

Here is his chance to make history. Inhuman, insanitary, symbol of a barbarous past, "The Moor" has outlived its day. Dartmoor must go.

ATOMS by G. B. S.

An up-to-the-atom commentary on events of the day by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, still full of original ideas at eighty-nine. He replies to questions put to him by JOHN BULL



PORTRAIT BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

WHAT WILL HAPPEN *if atomic power is as suddenly used for industrial constructive purposes as it has been for destruction? Would the enormous displacement of labour that would ensue cause even more suffering to the proletarian population than was caused by the industrial revolution of 180 years ago?*

I cannot place any limit to possible political stupidity or sagacity. The first enemy to be destroyed by the atomic bomb may be the tsetse fly or the anopheles mosquito. That would make the earth much more habitable than it is at present.

EVIL TWINS

It has been stated that the stoppage of war industries of all descriptions will result in the dismissal of 9,000,000 workers in the U.S.A. and probably from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 in this country employed directly or indirectly through the war, excluding the Armed Forces. Do you think it possible for the Labour Government to prevent the twin evils of unemployment and reduced wages ushering in the long-yearned-for peace?

There is plenty of work for the dismissed warriors to do. But it must be planned and organised for them. It can be done. We shall see whether it will be done. The alternative is the dole. All the Governments are on trial.

STALIN'S SENSE

Let us suppose that the Labour Government could abolish Capitalism and transform this country into a Socialistic State, would it be able to abolish poverty resultant on unemployment without the co-operation of the rest of the world? In other words, is Internationalism necessary before the world can be cured of poverty?

Not in the least. Stalin has proved that Socialism in a single country is not only possible, but the only way to begin.

PROFITS? NONSENSE!

It is said that Great Britain and the U.S.A. could easily supply the world with its manufactured requirements. If this is so, do you think it would be wise to allow Germany and Japan to become manufacturised, exporting countries again and compete with us with low-priced goods—and thereby eventually cause unemployment?

Is the war over or is it not? This talk of "allowing"! Great Britain and the U.S.A. will have something better to do than to sit on the heads of Germany and Japan and kick them when they are down. We must not allow any nation, not even our own, to compete with us in low-priced goods. We have to maintain our standards of living, and adjust our distribution of labour and leisure, not to compete for trade profits. Your question is out of date.

WORLDLY WISE

Do you consider that the members of the present Labour Government possess more powers of leadership, general ability, and oratorical powers than the pioneers of the eighteen-eighties and nineties—Morris, Hyndman, Burrows, Sidney Webb, John Burns, Tom Mann, Keir Hardie, Ben Tillett, and others, not forgetting yourself?

They have more administrative experience. Marx was a genius and a giant, but he could not have run a coffee-stall. Stalin and Molotoff, Bevin and Morrison and Dalton know the world far better than we did. The Conservatives have made such a frightful mess of the election that for the moment they must rank as completely outclassed in political ability by the Labour Party. But the job ahead is so big that it has yet to be proved that any existing Party is equal to it.

POLYGAMY?—"CERTAINLY!"

As a result of the war—it is stated—there are 100 marriageable women in this country to every 80 marriageable men. In the war-devastated countries of Europe there are four young women to every young man. What do you consider will be the effect on the world of this vast army of unwed women? Do you think they would acquiesce in polygamy rather than be totally denied their natural instincts?

Of course they would. The Mormons, the most pious people in the world, were horrified when Joseph Smith showed them that they must polygamise or perish; but they had to accept it. And it was a great success for the women; but the inferior men could not get good wives. Some of them could not get any; and finally the U.S.A. Fundamentalists abolished legal polygamy by force. Or rather outlawed it; for plenty of it is going on at present *sub rosâ*.

(The above answers were exclusively obtained for JOHN BULL *by Miss* **DOROTHY ROYAL.**)

OPEN LETTERS

Professor J. D. Bernal,

Vice-President, Association of Scientific Workers

DEAR SIR,—Among the thousands of comments on the atom bomb—some wise, some foolish, but mostly platitudinous—which have filled the Press in the last six weeks, your letter to the "Times" stands out as a notable piece of common-sense.

It points out the hopelessness and stupidity of relying on secrecy to save the world from its misuse.

In six years of concentrated effort, British and American scientists found out how to split Uranium atoms and kill 100,000 people in a single explosion. If they set their minds to it, other scientists can do the same. They may do it tomorrow, or it may take them six years, or twelve; but sooner or later they will catch up on us. Then what?

The only hope is to put the whole business under international control. Deal the cards on the table, so that everybody knows what is happening, knows the risks, knows the measures that are being taken to meet them.

Enlist the scientists of all countries in the gigantic task of turning this immense new source of energy to peaceful uses. And when these uses are found, make the results and the materials available to everybody, as a means of easing the economic problems that lead to war, and raising the standard of living everywhere.

If we try to keep the processes by which the bombs are made secret, we will greatly delay the development of peacetime applications of atomic energy. We will split the world of science into two—those in the know, and those not in the know.

We will make of our best scientists a race apart, afraid to open their mouths outside the high wall of their segregated community.

We ourselves will live in constant fear that someone else may have discovered the secret, and may be preparing to use it.

And we will be further than ever from anything resembling world security.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Charles Gandy,

Chairman, National Smoke Abatement Society

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will continue and intensify your campaign against smoke-pollution in our cities.

As you have pointed out, before the war 3,000,000 tons of smoke and soot annually went to waste in the furnaces and fireplaces of Britain, and the acid-laden fumes hung in the air to blacken and corrode buildings and machinery, fabrics and furniture alike.

Three million tons. A week's work for all the miners in Britain. A ton of coal for every household every year.

The waste is unnecessary and disastrous. Very properly you stress the advantages of centralised systems for distributing hot water and steam heat to complete housing areas at a cost of no more than 5s. a week for each house.

You must keep hammering at local authorities, and insisting on central heating and central hot water in all their new housing schemes. But an even better solution is the immediate conversion of coal into less wasteful forms of power at the pit-head.

Pit-head conversion is, of course, part of Emanuel Shinwell's job, as an integral part of the whole scheme for the nationalisation of the mines. You must keep him up to it.

Mr. Shinwell should be the first to appreciate the value of intelligent pin-sticking.—JOHN BULL.

Professor Bernal points to the right road

Rt. Hon. Tom Williams, M.P.,

Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—With no more Lease-Lend and the prospect of a shortage of exchange with which to buy goods from overseas, it is imperative that we should go on growing as much food as we can at home.

There must be no slacking off in the efforts of British agriculture. If anything, the total output should be increased. But the emphasis should now be placed on different products.

During the war it was essential to reduce the bulk of our imports. Now it is essential to reduce the cost.

For that reason we should trouble less about wheat and other grains; more about milk, cheese, vegetables and fruit. Ultimately, the future of British agriculture lies in the home production of perishable foods.

Steps must be taken to increase supplies of fertiliser, and particularly to salvage the enormous quantities of natural fertiliser that daily go to waste in our city sewers.

And an effective national scheme should be put in force at the earliest possible moment to put our erratic breeding of dairy cattle on a proper scientific basis.

The local agricultural committees must continue to advise our farmers on the most efficient use of their land. Some of them should be reconstituted; many of them need cleaning up and gingering up.

They should be kept in close touch with the Government experimental farms, so that the latest discoveries of science can be put to immediate use.—JOHN BULL.

Col. Eric Gore-Browne, D.S.O., O.B.E.,

Chairman, Southern Railway

DEAR SIR,—Residents who bicycle to the station at Lenham in Kent have long been in the habit of leaving their cycles under cover in a near-by coal yard.

The coal merchant has no objections. He is glad to provide this facility free to the community.

Recently the stationmaster at Lenham has been instructed to lock the yard gate, impound the bicycles in the station luggage room, and charge 1s. 9d. per week for their accommodation.

I have no doubt his action is legally in order. But isn't it rather petty behaviour on the part of a powerful firm like the Southern Railway?

Or must you collect every possible 1s. 9d. to pay for those posters advertising your desire to serve the community?—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Come Off It!

WE ARE ALL, I see, supposed to be suffering from something called "frustration."

It's not quite clear just what this "frustration" is supposed to be about: perhaps it's because food is still difficult, clothes are still scarce, petrol isn't plentiful, the Golden Age isn't just round the corner.

Well, frustration, if language still has any meaning, means disappointment, baffling, balking; and no doubt every one of us is being baffled, balked or disappointed all day long. But when weren't we?

It didn't take a war to do that; and it's no more excuse for bad manners and bad temper than it was when we were children. And as for the idea that "frustration" causes nervous tension with all its ills, well—as vulgar people would say, "Come off it!" Of course it does—if we let it. But then, if we let it, we are not exercising self-control.

The basic trouble with so many people just now is not "frustration," but refusal to face facts. You can't have a world war and then expect everything in the garden to be lovely just because someone says the war is over. That's a fact. It's an unpleasant fact. But it's a fact and a very hard one.

The sooner we realise it the sooner we shall cease to expect miracles and resume some attempt at self-control. So if you think you're being "frustrated," for heaven's sake come off it! You're not being frustrated at all. You're just being silly and selfish.

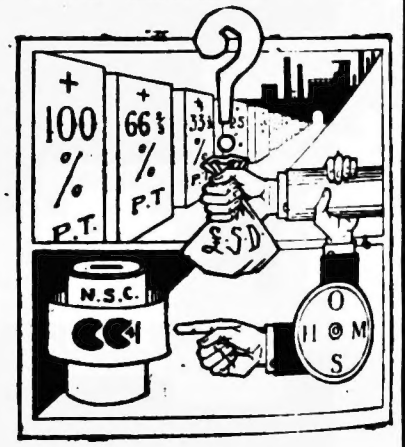
Argument

Peace is here. Shops are re-stocking

Why Not Abolish the Purchase Tax?

for

1. The purchase tax is unfair. It hits the poor hard, but means little to the rich.
2. The tax was imposed as a war measure to discourage spending, but now that factories are switching to peacetime production it is a serious obstacle to the revival of trade.
3. We live in the "hungry forties"—as they called the lean post-war years a century ago. In those days the bad times were ended by sweeping away hundreds of minor taxes—"duties." The same clean sweep is needed now.
4. Purchase tax is not levied on exports, but by crippling the home market it does in fact make exports costlier, since manufacturers cannot plan large-scale production till they know the tax will soon go.
5. Complex calculations and swarms of officials are needed to collect the tax. For these shackles upon it, industry foots the bill.
6. Many necessities are subject to purchase tax—proprietary medicines, for example, which the poor use.
7. Shoddy second-hand goods fetch high prices and the black market thrives. Purchase tax is to blame.



against

1. Purchase tax makes luxuries dear, but the money raised by it is used in part to subsidise essentials and make necessities cheap.
2. There is this to be said for purchase tax—the taxpayer can choose for himself, to a great extent, how much he will pay.
3. Utility clothes are in the main good and cheap. Several manufacturers have bewailed the public's insistence on buying taxed luxury clothes actually inferior in style and workmanship to those untaxed.
4. Our export trade is not harmed by purchase tax. Our industries are not yet able to manufacture peacetime goods on any big scale. When they can the tax will be lifted.
5. The war may be over, but war expenditures continue.
6. The purchase tax is not harder to collect than similar peacetime duties, and has been successfully used in America to raise State (as distinct from Federal) revenue.
7. In the hands of a Labour Government working for the interests of the whole nation it is a good flexible instrument not only for taxing the rich but for directing national spending into wise channels.

PUT AN END TO HOUSING STUNTS

Has a Birmingham builder solved Britain's housing problem? JOHN BULL sent HARRY FOWLER to investigate. Here is his report

Mrs. Waters and her two children moving into the nine-day house in Stonor Road, Hall Green, Birmingham. These two semi-detached houses were the first to be built by free enterprise since 1939

QUITE A DO, IT WAS. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman W. T. Wiggins Davis, was there for the launching. The Press was there in strength. So was a Pathé newsreel man. The crowd cheered as the vessel moved down the slipway. . . .

No, take that out and begin again. It wasn't a vessel. The civic dignitaries of Birmingham were launching a house.

Two houses, to be exact. Normally constructed brick-built dwellings—three bedrooms, two reception rooms, kitchen, bathroom, the usual offices. They are to be sold at £1,170 apiece, a very fair price by present-day standards. They would have cost about £585 pre-war.

But why the shouting, why the speeches, why the cameras, why the "private enterprise" build-up? They are good enough houses, but you will see many like them in any suburb.

Yes, but these houses are different. They were built by private enterprise *in nine days*.

I made the journey to Birmingham to investigate the city's housing problem in general, and to see if this nine days' wonder was something more than a stunt.

Like all the rest of Britain, Birmingham is suffering from a severe shortage of houses. There are 20,000 people on the waiting list. There are upwards of 50,000 houses, slum and semi-slum, which cry aloud for demolition at the earliest possible date. Ex-Servicemen and their wives daily besiege and beseech the housing authorities.

Lord Mayor in Action

No doubt there were quite a few of them around me as I sat in the Odeon, Birmingham's largest central cinema, to watch the housing newsreel being shown—shots of a bulldozer in action, of builders bustling about on the site, of the Lord Mayor, also in action; and a pleasant enough close-up of Mr. Harry Dare, head of the building firm who staged the job.

I wondered what the houseless members of that audience thought of it all. For months, for years, they have waited. Houses can't be built overnight, they were told.

But clearly they can—at least, over nine nights. The camera cannot lie. Here is the proof. If two houses can be built by so many men in nine days, how many men, in how many days, can build how many houses? We all did sums like that at school—and even if the answers came out wrong, like mine so often did, we knew there were clever chaps higher up the form who could work out the right answers.

Those clever lads are, many of them, now in Government departments. Surely their pencils started scribbling at the news of Birmingham's nine-day houses? For here may be the solution of the nation's No. 1 headache—and heartache—the housing problem.

What are the facts about the nine-day wonder house?

I went for them to Mr. Harry Dare himself.

I liked him. He met my questions frankly. A good builder, proud of his knowledge of the job. A good business man, equally and justifiably proud of having put his firm bang on the front page by pulling off a neat publicity stunt.

For that is what it was, just that, and little more.

"From the laying of the first brick to the last lick of paint," said the reports, "the houses were complete and ready for occupation in nine days."

Well, nine and a half, to be exact, said Mr. Dare. The first house of the two was made ready for the family to move in on August 20. The men were at work on it up to the last minute, or pretty nearly that. Say nine and a half days, from the laying of the first brick, and you'd be about right.

So much for the first house. The second? Well, I went along to have a look at it just one week after the first house received its fortunate occupants. The second house was still empty, nor did it look to me that it was really finished.

Plainly something had delayed the final touches to the second nine-day wonder house.

I continued my investigations. I wanted to find out just how the whole job had been done. That meant a good many questions, but they were all freely answered. I take off my hat to Mr. Dare and the men who worked for him. Brains and brawn, nicely balanced, went to that piece of work.

It was, of course, hardly a normal building operation. Planned months ahead, to the last detail, it was a triumph of organisational skill. For weeks beforehand all the component parts had been carefully assembled, and placed just where they could come quickest to hand. Many of the fitments were from pre-war stores, and of a type nowadays not readily obtainable. The timber, specially selected, was measured and laid out to the last splinter. Nothing was overlooked.

Picked workmen were mustered for the job. Bits of it were rehearsed. The men who jumped to it at the starting signal were shock-troops of the building trade—Stakhanovites, they'd call them in Russia, I suppose.

Was it Worth it?

What was the next step, I asked? Why stop at two houses? At the firm's offices in the centre of the city queues of house-hunters were lining up under the impression that row after row of nine-day houses were due for rapid completion. They did not expect the Lord Mayor to open all of them, I gathered, but they were willing to skip that.

But though the city office was busy, there was not much doing on the building site—at least, while I was there—and I could not avoid the question, as I looked at the two wonder-houses: Was all this really worth doing? As the old mathematician said after hearing a Beethoven symphony — "Magnificent, but what does it prove?"

What does the Press publicity, which has gathered round the affair, want to make us believe is proved by it?

The answer to that is simple:

That not only are brick houses better than factory stuff, they are even quicker to build—provided, of course, that you leave private enterprise to do it.

This is, to put it bluntly, poppycock.

Any local authority could do what Mr. Dare has done. To build a brick house in record time is possible for any good builder anywhere—*provided he can give the time to it!* For the fact is that the long preparations for this record-breaking stuff probably take longer, in the last analysis, than the straightforward, humdrum technique of steadily getting on with the job.

And brick, despite its obvious good qualities, is not a quick-handling material. Birmingham Corporation has built experimental two-storey prefab houses of attractive type with one-third the skilled labour needed for an orthodox house, and at a cost less than that of the Portal houses.

Not to Let

These houses have three bedrooms upstairs, and a large living room and a roomy kitchen on the ground floor. Each bedroom has a fireplace and built-in wardrobe, while the kitchen contains every device recommended by the Ministry of Health. There's everything, in fact, except the publicity.

It was difficult, a housing expert told me, to give a firm cost figure for the Corporation prefab houses, but £600 was a reasonable estimate.

What Mr. Dare's houses cost was naturally not available to me, but the selling price was advertised—£1,170. The buyer pays £120 down and then 26s a week for about 23 years.

This for a house with three bedrooms, two reception rooms, kitchen, bathroom, etc.—but with no built-in wardrobes.

And note this other important difference—the local authority is building houses for people to rent, the private builder builds for sale.

Birmingham Corporation Public Works Committee are out for a big drive as soon as they have the materials and manpower. Sites are ready for 3,500 permanent brick-built houses. Another 500 sites will be ready a month from now.

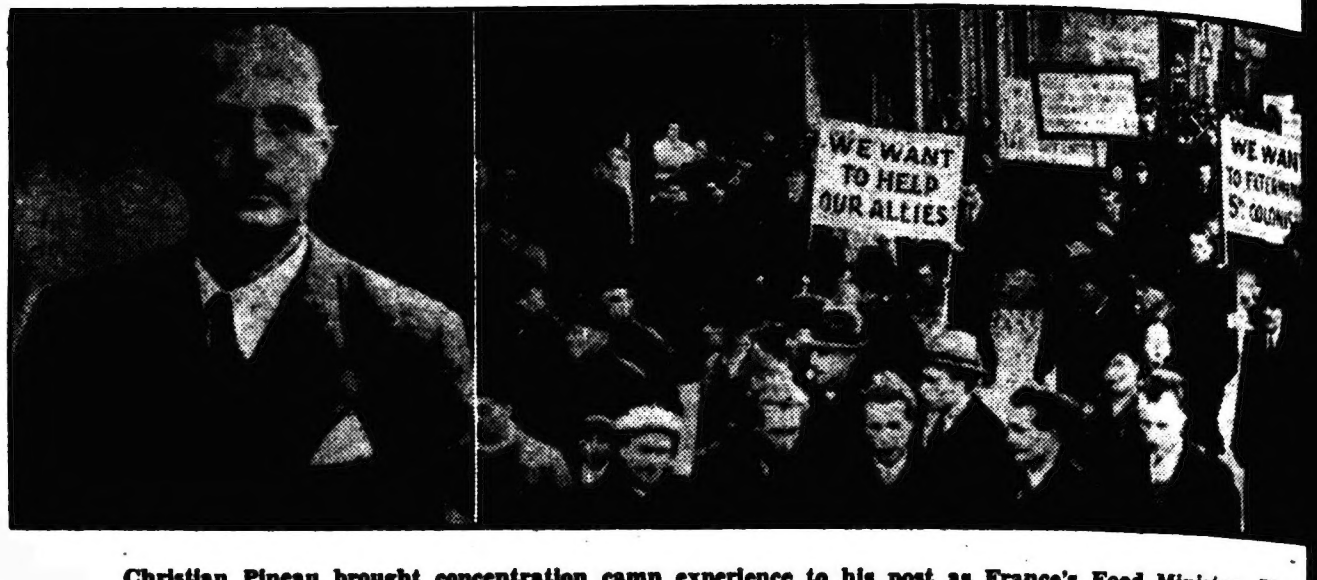
The Corporation owns, within the city boundary, land enough for 10,000 more. They're not complacent, but they feel they're doing pretty well.

Mr. Dare, too, will probably do pretty well. He has all the qualities which make for commercial success. But there is nothing in this recent stunt of his which will teach the city how to solve its housing troubles.

Those who have trumpeted the praises of the wonder-house should consider carefully whether it is right—or even wise—to raise false hopes in the hearts of the homeless—hopes which, left to itself, private enterprise must cruelly shatter.

EUROPE'S UNCHAINED RULERS

Exile, deportation, arrest and imprisonment was the fate of liberal politicians in the occupied countries—now they have been freed to fight in the open and their battle is against aggression, both military and political



Christian Pineau brought concentration camp experience to his post as France's Food Minister. The p In Brussels resistance forces demonstrated against the government in office after liberation. Their banne Norway's Prime Minister, Einar Gerhardson, led an underground committee before being sent to Buchenwald.

FEW WHO SAW the sorry procession of emaciated inmates from the Buchenwald horror camp after their liberation could have spotted among them the men to lead the Continent in the post-war period. But so it was—exile, resistance, and concentration camps have produced Europe's new leaders.

Characteristic among them is Christian Pineau, a Frenchman in his early thirties, who is now France's Food Minister. It was deeply moving to listen to his first broadcast after he assumed office.

France was in the throes of a grim food crisis. Yet the French Food Minister answered the grumbles of his compatriots by recalling his own experiences as a political prisoner in Buchenwald. He told them of the iron self-enforced rule among prisoners, of the share-and-share-alike practice when parcels arrived.

That was the only spirit by which France, and the whole of Europe, could hope to make ends meet with the limited supplies available. The man from Buchenwald gave his country and the world a great lead.

From Buchenwald, also—and to Premiership—comes Einar Gerhardson, the Labour Leader of the Norwegian Government. How different is his whole career, his personal and political outlook, from those of the men who previously held a country's highest office.

Einar Gerhardson, born in Oslo in 1897, was a road-worker for the first ten years of his adult life. Steadily he rose, an ardent trade unionist, intent on improving conditions among his fellow-workers, to become secretary of the Norwegian Labour Party and finally Mayor of Oslo.

Hostage against the R.A.F.

He was still Mayor when the proud capital endured the humiliation of Nazi conquest. When the then Norwegian Government left the country to represent its interests in exile, the Mayor of Oslo returned to his post among his own people.

After one day the Germans knew that he was, and would remain, their implacable enemy. They dismissed him within twenty-four hours. The man who had held municipal and Party office for many years resumed his work on the roads.

His hands were still strong, his mind had never been confused by his social rise. After his day's work he gave his nights to anti-Nazi resistance and became the leader of a Norwegian "Secret Central Committee."

He was arrested by the Germans in 1941 and deported to Buchenwald one year later. Then he was brought back to Oslo and held in the *Gestapo* headquarters as a hostage against British bombing raids.

How many statesmen can look back at such an experience? How many political leaders have shared in such a measure the trials of their people under occupation?

Now Einar Gerhardson works not on the roads, but on the road to the reconstruction of his country.

Holland's Prime Minister looks back on a similar ordeal. He is Professor W Schermerhorn, formerly of Delft Technical University

When Holland was overrun in 1940, Professor Schermerhorn was arrested as a hostage and taken to Germany. In captivity he began to develop his ideas of a new Europe. He decided to make sure that never again should tyrants crucify free people and reduce the people of Europe to human wrecks.

Sheer will-power kept him and his friends alive in the face of the worst the Germans could do to weaken their wills and their bodies. His conception of a new Holland, progressive, social, democratic, was strengthened with every torture which he underwent. And it was to translate this conception into practice that Queen Wilhelmina called upon the Professor to be Premier of Holland.

Enemy of Mussolini

Under imprisonment he had always shared his ideas with his fellow-sufferers. Similarly he now takes his nation into his confidence.

Since his assumption of office, Professor Schermerhorn has addressed the people of the Netherlands at regular weekly intervals, applying the spirit of comradeship to the principle of government.

In former enemy lands, as well as in the Allied countries, new figures, new types of men, have emerged to demonstrate that Nazism cannot break the will of the people to be free.

Italy has found in Signor Parri a new hero, a new leader, a great philosopher and humanist and—somewhat to everybody's surprise—also a practical common-sense politician.

They still call Parri "The General." Many still refer to him as "Maurizio." This quiet but intense idealist inspired the people by his leadership—hence the title "General"—and by his underground work conducted under the pseudonym of "Maurizio."

A brave and highly decorated officer during the last war, Signor Parri taught Latin and literature in Milan. He turned to political journalism and become a Socialist, working in close contact with the Rosselli brothers—later to be murdered by Mussolini's orders.

Justice and Liberty

"Giustizia e Liberta"—Justice and Liberty—were the watchwords of his activities, which soon brought him into unpleasant contact with the Ovra, the Italian Secret Police. He was deported to Lipari, Italy's "Devil's Island," held there for years, and released only to be rearrested. Parri finally gained his freedom only in 1933.

From then onwards he seemed to have retired to scientific work and he managed to remain unmolested in Milan. Yet he never lost touch with his political friends, now working in exile, and many of their plans were carried out under his guidance.

Once more, in 1942, he was indicted and imprisoned for a time, but, undaunted, he set to work after his release to form the famous "Action" Party which secretly prepared Northern Italy for liberation from Fascism.

The great strikes, the development of an anti-Fascist movement in the mountains, and the final struggle against Mussolini's régime, were largely organised by Parri and his friends.

He himself organised fifteen "Giustizia e Liberta" divisions which harassed the Nazi S.S. Twice he paid secret visits to already liberated Rome. Twice he returned to his post in Northern Italy. The "General"—or Maurizio—had already become a legend among the people.

Asia's Turn is Coming

Thus, in the new Europe, no man seemed better fitted for leadership than Parri. Yet none seemed to want office less. It was only with difficulty that his friends could persuade him to serve liberated Italy as ardently as he had served his shackled compatriots during Mussolini's reign.

Germany, of course, is much poorer in men of such quality. But the "exiles," the German anti-Fascists, are already slowly emerging to assume responsibility in their country. Most of them, it is true, have come from Russia, where the Soviet Government had given them every help to form and maintain an organisation.

Now, chiefly in the Soviet zone, the exiles, members of the "National Committee" of Moscow, are active again in municipal and other

TORTURE FOR T

Soon the trials of the Nazi war psychologist's reply to those

THE HUMAN BEAST faces justice. Belsen, Buchenwald, Dachau — now retribution, clean and swift.

But some people are not satisfied. *They want to torture the torturers.*

Perhaps we have all felt at least a passing desire to do that. If only we could lay our hands on that camp commandant, we have said, we would . . . Well, what would we do? Torture him? And in so doing claim kinship with him, and reveal that we have in us the same capacity to take delight in inflicting suffering?

Perhaps we have said: "Now we know what the Germans are like. They are all the same. The people who stood by and saw these things done are as responsible as those who did them."

But let us be fair. To protest against the concentration camp was for the ordinary German the surest possible way of finding himself inside its dreadful walls. Before the war we, too, stood by and saw the horrors happen.

We saw the enslavement of Ethiopia. We saw the massacre at Guernica. We saw the rape of Czechoslovakia. Yet we did not intervene. Why? Because we feared war, in exactly Germans feared camp.

Is this w Germans? Nothi my purpose. Na foulest manifest which has ever must be burne branch. No ves But it must also which we may n our readiness to may depend the the world.

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administrative posts. They are led by Wilhelm Pieck and Walter Ulbricht, both former members of the pro-Hitler Reichstag

The list of these new men in Europe could be continued almost indefinitely. There is Christmas Moeller of Denmark, whose dramatic escape to—and return from—this country is a great war time story. The life of van Acker, the Belgian Labour leader, and his assumption of the Premiership, would deserve a chapter of its own in the history of our times. Waiting to go back to Vienna, after years in exile in this country, are the Austrian Socialists who have kept the tradition of their movement alive under great difficulties.

What is happening in Europe is about to be repeated in Asia, where Burmese, Koreans, Chinese, long smarting under Japanese occupation, are rising to the opportunities which liberation has brought

With men like this at the top, even the grim crisis which the world must face in this coming winter can be fought in the new spirit, with strength born of the experience of martyrdom and of a political as well as military victory over oppression.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

TORTURERS?

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ing it entailed, with the first half of the present century.

Why have these things happened?

There is something of the divine, and something of the beast, in all of us. Which comes uppermost depends very much on the influences which shape our developing personalities.

No one will deny that there are latent capacities for cruelty in British boys. But British boys are taught that cruelty is the mark of the cad; whereas German boys under Nazi *régime* were taught that it was the mark of the master race.

Yet though the Nazi system brings out the bad and suppresses the good, the human raw material has been much the same in either case.

Nothing is more important, as we face the future, than that we should be sensible about this. We are all human beings, and we all have to live together in the same world, whether we like it or not. The wholesale extermination of peoples and races will not root evil out of the human heart.

Punishment, yes. But our task is far harder than that. *We have to win over our defeated enemies to accept our way of life.* Only this can save mankind from the abyss.

For the second time in history a woman sits in the Cabinet. The Government has given Ellen Wilkinson a task for which women are eminently suited by practice and tradition—the education of Britain's future citizens

HEAD MISTRESS

by HANNEN SWAFFER

ELLEN WILKINSON, once "Ellen the Rebel" and still "Red Ellen"—in looks, if not in character—now sits in a large room in the Ministry of Education building in Belgrave Square reshaping Britain's school system.

"My difficulties are enormous," she says. "I do not complain about that. I regard my job as a great opportunity to raise the standard of education."

Compared with the Scandinavian countries, our present standard is terribly low—so low, indeed, that while at one Canterbury meeting Dr. Lang, then Primate, was advocating the raising of the school-leaving age from fourteen to sixteen, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, "the Red Dean" was telling another gathering in the same city that in Russia it was eighteen!

Measly Act

The new Act—lauded and praised and extolled though it was—raised it to fifteen. But then it was discovered that this could not be operated for two years because we wanted hundreds of new schools and 20,000 more teachers!

It was a measly, petty Act. R. A. Butler was obviously more concerned over placating angry parsons who were afraid of losing their control of the religion taught to the pupils than over modernising an out-of-date system. He gave in, for instance, to Anglican priests who still wanted to teach in the schools—and who will now do so—Bible stories which, in "Doctrine in the Church of England," had been turned down by a committee of theologians presided over by Dr. Temple, afterwards Primate of All England.

Yet all the available figures proved that the proportion of juvenile delinquencies in the council schools was smaller than in the schools over which religious denominations had control!

As for the "Public Schools," all the older ones of which were originally founded for the poor but which, in the course of centuries, became expensive private schools for the rich, a few of the workers' kids will soon be allowed to go there, but not enough to "spoil the tone."

Her Rebel Days

A war-time Act, the new one is a cowardly compromise. It is unworthy of a country whose ill-taught masses saved the world.

Still, of this I am sure—Ellen Wilkinson, the daughter of a cotton operative, knows the human problems of the poor among whom she was born.

Ellen Wilkinson, the former pupil-teacher, understands more than any Tory blue-blood would the needs of the staffs.

Ellen Wilkinson, the one-time winner of scholarships who so slaved that she obtained an M.A. degree at Manchester University, is more than cultured enough to argue with any high-brow who challenges her in the Commons.

Besides, she has courage, she has drive, she has daring.

Well do I remember her rebel days—her defiance of employers during an industrial dispute and also her frankness to men and women on strike.

"Whenever there is trouble," John Jagger, the head organiser of her old union, the Distributive and Allied Workers, told me once, "I send Ellen along. She can tackle anything."

Jagger also described how, the day after she had been returned as M.P. for East Middlesbrough, a fellow called and said he wanted to "handle Miss Wilkinson's publicity."

"Young man," replied John, "if you can get Ellen Wilkinson to handle your publicity, she will make you the best-known publicity man in the country."

Soon, "Red Ellen" was among the frankest of the extremists in the House. Often she was in the wrong with Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden, who, once in office, "went Liberal."

She went everywhere where there was something doing. When Dimitrov the Communist was tried in Germany—do you remember his eloquent self-defence?—she was there.

Why She Marched

When Franco, "the gallant Christian gentleman," broke his oath to the Republic and led an army of Moslems from Africa "to defend Christianity," she rushed to Spain, eager to help.

But for her, Jarrow, whose M.P. she became, would have gone on starving when it was condemned to industrial death by the Bank of England. She stormed Ramsay's retreat at Essington, Durham, with a trainload of hungry men

Although attacked during the Labour Party conference at Edinburgh for "loving publicity," she led the Jarrow marchers in their long walk to London.

I met her at Leicester, which is about halfway.

"Why do you march, Ellen," I said, "you with your short legs, two steps to every one of theirs?"

"If I expect men to march," she replied, "I must march myself."

After the General Strike she accompanied four of the miners' leaders to the United States to raise funds for the colliers' wives and families.

Everywhere where there was need, you found "Red Ellen."

In due time there came another phase—her becoming Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security. Sir John Anderson's plans for A.R.P. had failed. Herbert Morrison took his job—to save London.

Never Afraid

Loyal to a degree, she supported Morrison unflinchingly. The rebel had become a Minister! Then, it was generally said, she used all the newspaper contacts she had to answer criticisms of her chief.

Anyway, you saw her in the shelters, when the blitz was on, doing her best to ameliorate the awful conditions. But for her they would have remained a scandal. Nothing frightened her, not even the jibe. "In office, you see, she's joined the bureaucrats."

Now she is a Cabinet Minister, the second woman—Margaret Bondfield was the first—to sit at No. 10 among the men who rule Britain.

Bricks Without Straw

In order to find schools she has to argue with Aneurin Bevan, who wants all the builders he can find to erect houses. Fortunately, the true ex-rebels understand each other. She has to get teachers out of the Forces—and you know the demob. row. . . . She has, indeed, to transform Education with only a few of the essentials at her disposal.

It is a job that would frighten all but a few men. It is in the hands of "a wee woman"—but what a capable one!

THE RT. HON. ELLEN WILKINSON

Thousands of children will benefit from her recent announcement, as Minister of Education, that parents earning £7 10s. a week may now send their first child to a direct grant grammar school free of charge. The income limit fixed by the previous Ministry was £5 10s. a week. Allowances will be made where there is more than one child.

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION AS SEEN BY HALL

Two new books give individual and expert opinions on the problem of the small family

Beating the Birth-Rate Bogey

by VINCENT BROME

"FIRST MY HUSBAND was in the Army, and then he was discharged, and now he's in the mines. My in-laws are terrified of me having another baby and thrusting more work on them. It's awful. I eat at mother's and sleep at my in-laws because mother's got no room. . . *If I had a child just now I'd be properly sunk.*"

There, in a few homespun phrases, you have one form of a big problem of the day. Thousands of people have made the decision not to have children and quite unconsciously they are helping to undermine the nation.

Why?

There is no one magic answer. But a new book, *Britain and Her Birth-Rate* (John Murray, 21s.), gives the results of an analysis by Mass Observation covering a large part of the country.

There is a fascinating intimacy about this book.

People come alive in common speech on the printed page. What they say brings the birth-rate problem right down to earth. Three big influences come up again and again. Housing—Money—War.

Aneurin Bevan, the new Minister of Housing, has an even bigger responsibility than we supposed. As one woman puts it in this book, "Nowadays you've got to arrange your children to suit the house."

Housing, then, plays a large part. The second factor—money—is, of course, closely linked with the first, but sometimes one overwhelms the other. For instance, when large numbers of women were asked if they could suggest anything which might make them want more children, the answer in hundreds of cases was simply—money. Roughly, 20 per cent. of the women questioned said money. No other factor was mentioned by more than 10 per cent.

Here is the comment of a middle-class housewife: "For me work was poor—three or four days a week—also, to get a passable house to live in, we had to buy one in a housing scheme. That also made it necessary that we had no family or we would have been in poverty for the rest of our lives."

And here is a father's point of view: "I'm quite clear that the only reason for two instead of four in our case was economic. We did not have the means. If family allowances, or high salary, or free education up to the graduate University level had been assured, we should have elected to have a larger family."

The third big factor—war—came up time and again in phrases like this: "I think lack of faith in the future is a big factor. To quote a friend of mine, 'Well, if we did have another we want another girl. No boys to grow up ready for the next war.'"

There you have the birth-rate problem from the point of view of the man and woman in the street.

Now turn to another first-rate book which has just been published, *Rebuilding Family Life in the Post-War World* (Odhams Press, 2s.). Here you have the expert's point of view.

A number of specialists, from Professor Crew to Sir John Boyd Orr, have been given complete freedom to set down their ideas about the falling birth-rate. Although they develop the raw material of the first book in much greater detail, and sometimes break new scientific trails, it is remarkable how often the specialist starts out with the same ideas as the man in the street.

Dr. Margaret Hadley Jackson believes that the main reason for the fall in the birth-rate is wider knowledge of contraception. That leads automatically to another question. People are deliberately limiting their families to one or two children instead of the three necessary to maintain the population of this country. But why?

Once again the answer is not so simple. It centres around a fierce conflict which has been going on inside the family life of Britain for many years now. It is the conflict between the desire of young married people for a high standard of living and a chance to release themselves to the full, and the equally strong desire to have children.

Lord Horder introduces a panel of specialists in "Rebuilding Family Life"

That is the problem. If we can find some means of reconciling these two ambitions we shall go a long way towards solving the birth-rate trouble.

First we need high and regular wages. Then cheap houses and a general sense of security.

This means far more generous income-tax rebates for families of three or more, and family allowances on a scale quite different from anything so far put forward. Above all, maternity treatment should be free for six weeks before and six weeks after the birth of a child.

There are many other factors which will have to be taken into account. But here are the basic analyses which will show quite clearly whether families can be increased by legislation, or whether we shall have to go much deeper still, and aim for a change of heart.

These two books should be read together. One balances the other.

Give Outdoor Workers a Fair Deal

Forgotten hardships of all-weather builders and road men

A FRIEND OF MINE should have registered for the building trades. He passed it up, as did another fellow I know. His comment was: "Why should I go back to a trade that has considered the worker little more than an animal?"

As an outdoor worker I think he is dead right.

Consider the contrast between the outdoor worker and the factory worker. I've been both, so I know where the best life is.

As a factory worker I had adequate arrangements for changing my clothes, there were clean sanitary conditions, and I could wash before leaving for home or having a meal. There was a good canteen where a hot meal could be obtained for little cost.

As an outdoor worker liable to get soaked with rain I have no possible means of drying my clothes. I have seen men literally sodden to the skin, with water oozing out of boots, yet unable to dry one garment.

Sanitary arrangements are apt to be so appalling that no factory inspector would tolerate it for one minute in a factory. The only sanitation consists of a bin that often carries a stench so appalling that many men will rather work in agony until home time rather than go. I have been on jobs where not even that was provided, and workers had to find a near-by wood.

I have never worked on a job, no matter how filthy, where I had the chance to wash my hands before a meal and before going home. How on earth we have escaped being decimated by disease on some jobs I'll never know.

The rottenest part of the whole set-up is that successive Ministers of Food have completely forgotten about us. All appear to have mouthed platitudes about workers using canteens, but what of the thousands of outdoor workers who have no canteens, who have never received one ounce of extra food or tea, are denied any mid-morning or mid-afternoon break, and who have had to do an arduous job on bare rations?

Apart from the physical discomforts inseparable from the English winter—and I contend the employers should be compelled to ameliorate most of them by thought for the worker—there is the wage factor.

Just as the factory worker has a guaranteed week, so should the outdoor worker. We get one, but only by grace of the E.W.O., and I think it will go ill with many of us again when that is off the book

Wet and cold weather will find us packed off home when we are drenched through, and I dismally remember a couple of Christmas Eves when I had less than 10s. to take home as a week's wage.

There must be hordes of men who could be directed into building and road maintenance, but they will hide their light as long as present conditions are tolerated and allowed.

I suggest we outdoor workers need a charter; this is what I for one want:

Mobile canteens, and, failing them, an increase in protective and warming foods.

Adequate and warm shelter when weather is inclement.

A guaranteed week as long as we stay outdoors, and not be reliant on an Act that can so easily be repealed.

Satisfactory sanitary arrangements and rigid inspection to see they are carried out. They should include washing facilities and germ-free lavatories.

A drying shed for clothes so that we can at least go home in dry garments.

Freedom from being stopped at a few hours' notice. All men should have a notice of a week. Building firms have paid some fine dividends by adhering to day stoppage systems.

No vicious victimisation by certain gangers and foremen who think that crude bullying is the only way to make men work.

In other words, just decent treatment.

"OUTDOOR MAN."

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Decision Pending

"NOW, MISS SMITH, I'll dictate a memorandum to Mr. Dullwater: 'I have received your memorandum PJVX/236/8734b and have noted contents. In reply, I would beg to state that the names appended hereunder of personnel attached to, seconded to, or otherwise occupied in gainful employment for, this department, approximate most nearly to the minimum requirements. . . .' Oh, hello, Charles. Come in, old man. All right, Miss Smith, come back in a couple of hours and I'll finish."

"Hello. Just thought I'd drop in for a chat. My department seems to run very smoothly without me."

"Lucky dog. This place has been hell on earth. All this talk of cutting down staff. They seem to think they can run the Civil Service with one typist and a couple of office boys.

"Life's going to be pretty tough."

"It's scandalous, my dear fellow. When you walked in I was just dictating a strong memo. to old Dullwater about it. He had the confounded audacity to send me a plan showing how the work of my department could be done by a staff of twenty. Dammit, I've only got fifty-eight now."

"IT'S RIDICULOUS. Some nosey parker came into my department and wanted to know how we kept twelve filing clerks fully employed when we only had a hundred or so items to file each day. I soon told him that if the higher-ups wanted accurate filing they must expect to employ adequate staff to deal with it. He went out muttering something about manicuring nails and playing Old Maid."

"Old Dullwater actually suggested that we didn't need a girl employed full time for making tea. The idiot—the whole department would go on strike if they didn't get their tea. I could think of plenty of cuts in Dullwater's staff. Ninety-four, he's got, and I'll bet there isn't work for half a dozen."

"My nosey parker chap actually suggested that when we had to type two copies of anything, we should use carbon paper instead of two typists."

"AH, TELEPHONE—excuse me. 'Hello. Yes. No. No, I am unable to alter my decision. . . . Your position is enumerated clearly in Paragraph 8, Subsection 3(d). . . . No. Certainly not. Good-bye.' Ungrateful cad! That was a young chap on my staff. Actually *wants* to leave. Says he has got an important job in building to go to. Of course, I'm not going to release him."

"Of course not. Why, if the number in my department drops by only five I'm below the specified strength, and I'm not allowed a carpet in my office."

"What about me? They've only got to axe about twenty from me and I won't even have an office to myself. Another five on top of that and I'll have to share a telephone. Only another ten and I won't have a secretary, and, hang it, old man, only a few more and I won't even be a department.

"We might as well get our buckets and mops and become cleaners straight away."

"It's a farce. Here we are, grubbing along, overworked and understaffed. . . . I shall apply to Dullwater at once for an increase in personnel of fifteen, no, twenty. MISS SMITH! Oh, Miss Smith—tear up that last memo. and take this new one."

Free Speech

If We Must Have Conscription . . .

The other side of the counter. Business without pleasure. Sergeant sticks to the Colours. Is Britain a Christian country? Foster parents' tragedy. Mean station theft. Sweets in Italy

I REALISE THE NECESSITY of balancing the manpower needs of the peace-time Army with the needs of industry, but I think the Government should announce a definite time limit to the compulsory service of those eighteen-year-olds who are still being conscripted. A period of, for instance, two years with the Colours and three with the Reserve might be specified.

This would give the boys and their parents a better chance to plan careers. Also, it would let business houses know just how long their young employees would be absent.

And if conscription is destined to stay, it must be made compulsory for *all* boys, and no exceptions must be granted, except on well-authenticated medical grounds. Only then will it be fair for all and in keeping with democratic principles.—W. G. HOWARD, 112, Garner Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

Forgotten War-Workers

ALL THE ATTENTION as regards demobilisation seems to centre on men in the Services. Few people give a thought to workers in munition factories and other war jobs who will soon be "demobbed."

My own job is likely to be declared redundant in the very near future, and I shall be thrown out. There are hundreds of thousands of us in the same boat. There is such a shortage of manpower that people say, "Oh, you'll have no trouble about getting another job." Probably they are right—but how do I stand if the Ministry of Labour decides to "persuade" me, or "direct" me, or whatever they like to call it, into a job which I don't like in a place situated a long distance from my home?

Discontent in the Services has brought statements by the Prime Minister and the Minister of Labour. The minds of redundant war workers should also be put at rest about the future before they, too, start to kick. — J. H. M., Preston, Lancs.

Pipe of Peace

LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING in my tobacconist's shop because of the cigarette shortage. No one seems to understand the feelings of the man behind the counter. Though we are anxious to please everyone, we are continually treated as liars.

But I've done a lot to improve relations with my customers. By offering my snuff-box to people during "sold out" periods I have cultivated five new snuff-takers. If the cigarette famine continues, I'm thinking of having a hubble-bubble pipe on the counter with a new paper mouthpiece for any customer who wants a puff.—G. R., London, W.1.

"I Have the Honour"

"I HAVE THE HONOUR to request that I may be granted leave for the purpose of —— from —— hours on —— to —— hours —— on ——." That is the sort of official leave request we have to forward to get out of this military hospital for a few hours. As a democrat and soldier with three years' experience overseas I resent it.—PTE. F., Glasgow.

Long-Distance Business

I AM RETIRING after a lifetime in business, and have watched the gradual passing of the days when deals were done over a cup of coffee in a local café.

In the last fifteen years I've had to get used to doing business with mere voices and names on the telephone. I would not know their owners if I passed them in the street. I prefer the old way—the friendly way, when a man's word was good enough and there was no need for "confirmation in writing."—E. H., Nechells, Birmingham 7.

Future Horrors

LOOKING AT FURNITURE DISPLAYED in a near-by town, I was shocked to see the most atrocious standard lamp and

"... the most atrocious standard lamp"

other articles labelled "The Designs of the Future." Such nonsense should be stopped—and so should the practice of putting shoddy materials in Utility furniture.—D. R. DIMMICK, 9, Cwm-Celyn Road, Blaina, Monmouthshire.

Staying in Khaki

AFTER SEEING SERVICE in Norway, West Africa, East Africa and South Africa, Ceylon, India and Burma, I have been comparing my position with a civilian's now that peace has come. Here are some of my findings: I am a sergeant, drawing £5 a week, every week, work or play. I have ample wholesome food. Normally I can get at least twenty-eight days' leave a year. I have no clothing worries and would not find it easy to get the sack.

As a civilian I could probably earn £7 or £8 a week in my trade, less money for board, income-tax, lodgings, clothing, etc. I would never get more than a fortnight's holiday a year. I would find it surprisingly easy to get the sack.

My conclusion? I firmly believe that after our present difficulties are cleared up the Services will provide an attractive career for any young man with ambition.—SGT. E. F. MURPHY, T/149506 Arms and Services Wing, Adv. (E.A.), R/Fs., E.A.A.S.C., S.E.A.C.

Going to the Devil?

IN VIEW OF THE prevalence of greed and selfishness among all classes, the appalling decline of morals in our young people and the apparent apathy of Church leaders, I wondered if any of your readers could tell me on what is based our claim to be a Christian country.

I firmly believe that much less than 1 per cent. of our adult population pray and that the spiritual welfare of our children is almost entirely confined to school prayers.—A. K. DEVEY, 28, Tong Street, Walsall, Staffs.

Divulging a Secret

MY HUSBAND AND I adopted a baby boy from birth. We took every precaution to hide from our friends that the baby was not our own. Everything was done legally, of course, but we wanted to save the boy from unhappiness when he grew up.

Recently our secret became known to others when an open leaflet came from the Registrar-General, Blackpool, saying that the child had been entered in the register for adopted children. No attempt had been made to seal the leaflet.—Mrs. E. W., Lancashire.

Thieves, Attention!

MY BROTHER WAS RETURNING to the C.M.F. after twenty-eight days' leave. He went for a cup of tea at Ashford Station, Kent, when on his way to Folkestone. All his kit and belong-

"All his kit and belongings were stolen"

ings were stolen while he was in the refreshment room.

The most precious thing of all was a 10s. note given to him after Dunkirk by an uncle. He looked on this as a mascot. He had carried it with him and it had brought him luck through North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Greece and Austria. We all feel that, being stolen property, the luck of the note will not hold.—Mrs. H. MOUNTAIN, Hickton Road, Swanwick, Derby.

Bad Reception

I WAS PRESSED INTO SERVICE recently as best man at a wedding and took no end of trouble in preparing my speech. I hit on a quotation credited to St. Augustine: "Humble wedlock is better than proud virginity."

"... my speech did not go down very well"

Now it seems that I am in disgrace. I was conscious that my speech did not go down very well at the reception, but I never intended any reflection on any of the guests.—R. E., Sussex (address enclosed).

Rest from Politics

NOW THAT THE Labour Party is in power and looks like being set for some years, I hope JOHN BULL will give politics a rest. Please remember your readers are not all Socialists, and, though we admire your paper, we do not share your views. — B. PROFFITT, c/o Penisa, Gronant, Prestatyn.

JOHN BULL is not tied to any political creed or Party, and will continue, as always, to fight for the interests of the ordinary man, whatever Government is in power.—EDITOR.

Women Uber Alles

I SHOULD LIKE to add a footnote to the letter which asked why women in high places lose their heads and make life miserable for subordinates (JOHN BULL, September 8).

Admittedly it's a hard road to the top for women. To get there, "the job" comes before everything and the single-minded struggle means sacrificing the best things in life. Having reached the goal, they find the grapes sour, to judge from their manner, and everyone in reach has to pay for their fear of being demoted.

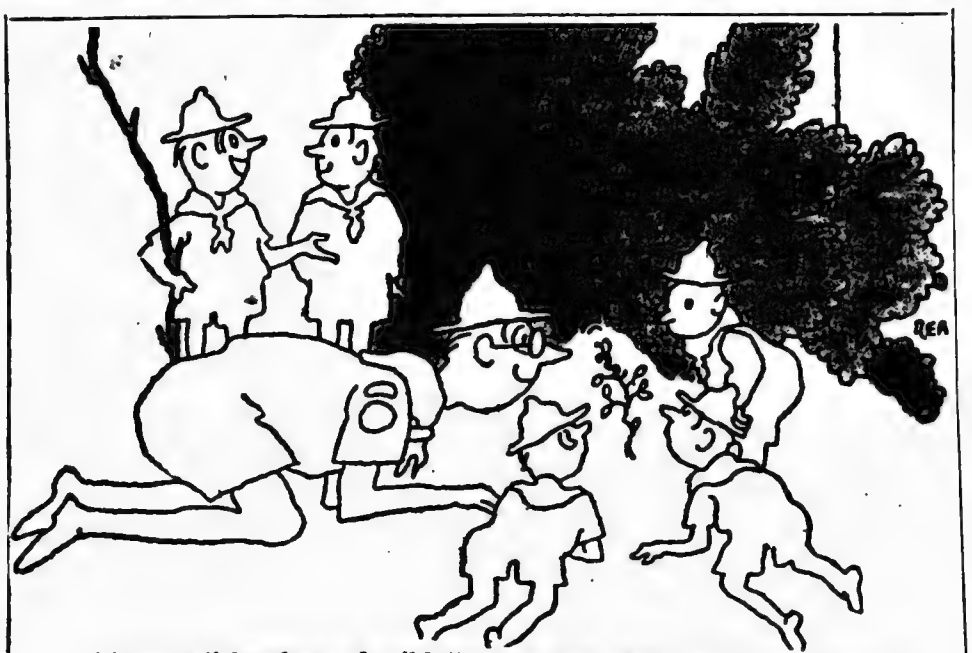
My own experience is that men bosses retain a sense of proportion—among other things, they never say "It's not MY job. . ." if asked to do something not strictly in the contract.—ALICE HOBSON, Eccles, Lancs.

Too Many Sweets

IN ITALY we can each buy three packets of sweets almost every week and we get a free issue of 2 oz. of chocolate. I know that 90 per cent. of these allowances go to Italian children and girls because the troops don't want them. Could we not give up our sweets so that they could go to the children at home?—PTE. J. D., C.M.F. (address enclosed).

Stationary Removal

VISITING A CROFTER'S HOME in the Shetlands, I found I had to clamber over huge piles of stones in the garden. When the crofter was newly married he built his house himself. But it became too small as the family increased. So he built a new house over the top of the original and threw the old one out of the window. Hence the pile of stones.—W. F., Blackpool.



"It's not all beetles and wild flowers—last week we found a body"

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL Short Story by MARY RINEHART HUVELLE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

On the surface, a happily married couple— but she considered herself a misunderstood artist tied to an insensitive clown. And he slowly created a crisis in their relationship.

"You never would have divorced me"—his voice was now completely emotionless—"would you?"

ALL THE PERFUMES OF ARABIA

SHE STOOD IN THE TALL, dark room with the dreaming candles and stared at his body.

When she woke up her fists were buried in the pillow and her cheeks were streaming with tears.

Harry was in the next bed, breathing quietly. Relief overcame her. She reached across and touched his hand, fallen at the side of the bed.

Without moving, he said, "Time is it?"

"I don't know. I've had the most terrible dream." She turned over to look at her bedside clock. "It's only six. I dreamed you were dead." Her voice caught.

There was a great upheaval of bedclothes. "Six o'clock! Go to sleep."

After a moment she settled back on the pillow, her body still shuddering in the clay embrace of the dream.

When the alarm went off at 7.30 she got up and put on a pink dressing-gown with short sleeves. Then, standing by Harry's bed tying the sash, she looked at his face. It was a full, pleasant face, ingenuous even in sleep.

She touched his shoulder and told him the time. After washing her face and hands carefully she went into the kitchen, and put on the kettle and mixed the dried egg powder. By the time breakfast was ready, Harry was sitting at the table, buried in the morning paper.

"You're a brilliant breakfast-table conversationalist," she said irritably.

When she returned with more hot water she was contrite. "I'm sorry. I'm awful in the morning before I have my tea. But, honestly, that nightmare upset me." The pure morning air was coming in the window, and she wanted to tell about it. She sat down and began to speak like a child. "You were lying dead, and I was crying and crying."

Harry lowered his paper and looked at her strangely, but only said in his mild, uninflected tone: "You're not so awful. What did I die of?"

"I DON'T KNOW." Even if she could have picked the words to describe her dream, she found there was nothing to tell.

"What are you going to do to-day?" Harry asked.

"I might ring up Grace and go to the cinema again, or something fascinating like that. In other words, my day will not be as useful as yours."

"Well, I'm off. I may be home early." He still hesitated. "Well, good-bye."

The door closed.

She carried her teacup into the bedroom. Sitting on the edge of the rumpled bed smoothing cream on her hands she looked about her. On the bedside table stood an empty beer-glass, rimmed inside with a firm grey circle. A shoe tree lay in the middle of the floor, and a pair of stockings hung over the knob of the door

"So this is it," she said to herself. "I shall never," she went on, elaborating in the manner of a letter to an intimate and admiring friend, "I shall never get over my surprise at finding this is it."

She remembered one evening when she and Harry were first married. He brought home a friend for a drink, and the friend had with him another man, an artist. French, wasn't he? One of her own oils hung in the living-room. It was a small painting of flowers—sharp, waxen buds in a creamy red pot.

The artist stood in front of the painting a long time in silence, ignoring Harry, who was trying to find out what he would have to drink.

Finally the artist turned and looked at her intently.

"Madame," he said, "you paint with great delicacy, great acuteness." He reached out a finger and brushed the top of her head. "This is because you understand what you paint. You are yourself a flower-bud, madame."

He was quite fantastic. But she was nevertheless more pleased than embarrassed, until she realised that Harry had been standing behind them holding out a drink. She saw that he could hardly wait. And when the lift door had closed behind the guests, he contorted his eyebrows and said, very solemnly, through his nose, "You are yourself a flower, ducky," and burst into hoots of laughter, slapping his thigh.

That was one of the things about Harry. He conducted himself like an actor in a silent picture. When he was amused he rocked back and forth, roaring and shaking his head; and when he was worried or depressed he sat with his head in his hands.

She would wait with a curiously pleasurable sense of anticipation for his rage to break over her, pressing him as far as she could without betraying herself. Even in abstract argument, how she longed for the intellectual blow that would leave her confounded! But it never came.

Only once had he said, "You know, I don't think I'll be able to stand it forever."

Even this had seemed to be not a threat but a simple statement.

She understood him so well that his obliviousness to her motivations astounded her. He was always concerned when she felt out of sorts, but hadn't the least conception of what might upset her. But what would it have been without Harry? If she had not got off at the wrong station? If they had not told her the wrong name? She had really needed—what was it she had needed?

Not just someone to love her, but someone who would control her, too.

But he was a dear. In many ways she was fonder of him now, after four years, than when they were first married.

AFTER SHE HAD CLEANED the house she lay down on the sofa with a magazine. At three o'clock she got up, washed her face and hands, dressed, and went out to do the shopping for dinner. The air was silky with Spring, and the turnip shapes of women passing in and out of shops.

"Why is it," she considered, "that I remain an outsider, although I have learned the passwords and conscientiously performed all the rituals?"

It was Harry who had hopefully encouraged her to explore these dismal paths. She had bottled. She had even baked bread, moved by his innocent, unspoken wish that she find womanly fulfilment in plunging up to her wrists in warm dough.

Thinking of him as she walked into her flat, put down her parcels, and answered the 'phone, she was startled to hear his voice.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"Here, at the lab. I thought you might join me somewhere for a drink. Would you like that?"

"You're inspired to-day," she said. "I'll meet you at Connelly's in an hour."

She dressed carefully. She felt happy and gracious stepping out of the taxi in front of the bar.

There were four couples and three single men in the dark, mirror-lined room. She paused in the doorway, pretending to herself to deliberate whom to join, and then walked across the room to the table where Harry sat with drinks waiting.

"THIS IS VERY NICE," she said. "What's the occasion?"

"Nothing in particular. I just thought you might enjoy it. You never have any fun."

"We don't go out enough, do we?" she agreed, sliding in beside him.

"Harry," she went on, "what's the matter with your finger?" There was a large unwieldy bandage on the index finger of his right hand.

"Acid burn. It's nothing much."

"I do wish you'd be more careful. It always made me nervous, thinking of you down there with all those acids and things that could blow up." She lighted a cigarette and looked about the room.

One of the other couples were married, she decided; the other three weren't. She could see herself and Harry in the mirror across the room. "I wonder if we look married," she thought.

"Do you think people looking at us can tell we're married?" she asked.

"Nobody's looking at us."

"All right, Harry. But if I stood up on the table and took off my dress, and *then*, possibly, someone looked at us, do you think they could tell we were married?"

"They could tell I was mad to have married you, if you did."

"That's rather muddled." She smiled at him. "Poor old Harry. Coming home to me is just exchanging one provoking collection of tubes and retorts for another. I really mean to be nicer to you."

"I know you do." He was studying her face with an expression of sadness that lacked only a degree of intimacy to have been pity.

"I don't understand what gets in the way. I'm really very fond of you."

"No more than I am of you," he said gravely.

"That's an ambiguous remark."

"Is it? I'm not a very subtle fellow."

"You have possibilities. Did you have a nice day? What did you do?"

"Well, we're in a kind of mess with this chap Turo," he began. "But I'm hoping things will happen to-morrow. I'm sending him a memo and Gilbert will talk to him."

"This would be interesting if I knew who Turo was."

"He's the chap I told you about before, who was working on the superpension process with me." He looked at her and stopped. "Ready for another drink?"

"A quick one. I suppose we'd better get on home and start dinner." She sighed.

They had another drink, and it wasn't until after Harry had persuaded her to have a third that they finally left.

Outside the door Harry whistled for a cab.

She lay back gratefully on the seat. "You should never have talked me into those last two drinks. You know what it does to me."

"You are a bit muzzy."

"He sounds pleased," she thought. "How repulsive." She rested her head against his shoulder, and was surprised that he did not respond. Yet she felt nothing but tenderness for him. An

herself, too. It wasn't her fault t everything she touched turned sour. he shivered uncontrollably.

Cold?" he asked.

Yes."

e leaned forward and shut the win-. Inside the flat she was still chilly. she slipped a jersey over her dress. she waited for the water to boil for vegetables, she held her hands over steam. Harry came into the kitchen h a small brown bottle.

You've been looking run-down ely," he said, frowning. "So I brought these." He jiggled the bottle. "Vita-ns again. But these are terrific. Give m a try."

He tipped the bottle over her cupped nd. Four round brown pills spilled , and as a gesture of good will she ed a glass with water and swallowed four, one after the other.

When at last they had pushed aside r coffee cups and she had lighted igarette, she felt more comfortably rm and relaxed than she could member having been.

Harry stood up and began to walk ound the room. He strolled to the sk and ruffled through papers. "This mn finger of mine. There's an im-rtant memo I've got to get out to-rrow. I wanted some scratch notes dictate from, but I can't hold the n." He picked up one of the papers d frowned at it. "I wonder if you'd nd taking down a couple of notes. t take a minute."

"I'm so comfortable and lazy," she tested good naturedly. She yawned. ll right. I'll take it."

ARRY STOOD STILL in the middle of the room, as if gathering himself, and n began to pace slowly back and th. "As you know," he dictated, "I ve been considerably disturbed over matter we discussed the other day." paused before a pot of ivy and cked off a small dead leaf.

"Can't you sit down?"

"Before taking this step I have given deep thought, for I am quite aware of w it will affect you."

"Goodness, Harry," she interrupted patiently. "Is this supposed to be a siness letter or a note left on a pin-shion?"

He stopped and looked at her with an dly blank expression.

"Don't let me upset your train of ought," she said then. "Go on. And rry up. I'm terribly sleepy."

But now she wrote what she heard him ng without awareness of the words. the words with which she had inter-ted him there was concealed a dis-rbing and elusive significance. The vement of the pencil was slow, as if e were writing under water. The one of Harry's voice ceased, and she nced up at him from under heavy s.

Again he was looking at her with that motely pitying expression she had seen is afternoon. Suddenly she began to derstand. She stared at him. "*What e you done?*"

He lowered himself wearily into a r, turned half-way from her. "You uld never have divorced me—" his ce was now completely emotionless—ould you?"

All at once it seemed desperately im-rtant to be honest.

"No," she said at last. "Harry, am I ing?"

He did not reply, but continued with hat was half catechism, half explana-n. "You could never have managed live without me, could you?"

"Without you? No," she replied. "No, wouldn't have wanted to live without u." She looked at him curiously, ddled in a chair, his head in his nds.

She was smiling inside, although the uscles of her face were too tired to ve. For suddenly she was swept up a sense of relaxation, and a sweet, oding lightness of spirit—as if Harry d taken from her shoulders, and aced on his own, an intolerable burden.

Now is the Time to Stop "Shamateurism"

A man earns his living by what he does best, but if this is playing a game he falls victim to snobbery

by J. M. MICHAELSON

CRICKET SCORES in the newspapers this summer have been printed in a style that would have caused lifted eyebrows in the members' stand at Lord's before the war. You cannot now tell from the way the names are printed whether John Smith comes on the field from the "Players'" exit or from the "Gentlemen's" dressing-room. He appears as J. Smith either way.

The difference between amateurs and professionals in some games has long depended simply on whether their money was paid as wages or expenses. There is a story about a certain famous team which rarely had more than the one amateur required by tradition as captain in its eleven. They said they could not afford more amateurs—and it was not altogether a joke.

Now, when our national sports are emerging from war time improvisation, is the moment to settle this "amateur" and "professional" business once and for all. There is no longer any social stigma about professionalism, and the result of out-of-date rulings on amateurism is either that they are secretly circumvented by "shamateurs," or that men who cannot afford to give their time to the entertainment of the public without reward are driven out of sport.

Farcical Rulings

Tennis "shamateurism" was notorious. In spite of well-meaning efforts by the L.T.A., any player good enough to be an "attraction" at a tournament could get expenses from the promoters, subsidies from sports firms, and even free accommodation in hotels. And many of them did so. Yet, had they accepted a cash prize for winning the tournament instead of a voucher for a trophy, they would have been hounded from the game.

They could not play in public with the men and women who used their skill in

Pre-war Wimbledon star, Australian soldier to-day, A. K. Quist caused trouble by buying a shaving-brush,

coaching. The rules are well-intentioned, but they were made in the days before first-class tennis was a big spectacle.

The absurdity of the position was shown not so many years ago when Australia's No. 1 tennis player, A. K. Quist, imperilled his amateur status by buying a shaving-brush, value 27s., with an order won at a meeting. After solemn debate the Australian L.T.A. decided that this was not "consumable goods, wearing apparel, or an article of domestic necessity," and Mr. Quist kept his amateur status.

The snobbery of it came out when Fred Perry turned professional and received abusive letters, including one reminding him that he must never again wear the colours of a club of which he had been a member.

Turn to rowing. In 1936, the Australian Olympic eight could not be seen in England. The reason? They were all policemen, and according to A.R.A. rules a policeman was automatically a professional when he took an oar in his hands. The rule banned from amateur rowing not only men who had ever been employed "in or about boats," but all who had ever been engaged in manual labour for money or wages, or "in any menial duty."

This rule, modified during the war, was drawn up nearly fifty years ago in an honest attempt to keep out the "shamateur." But it remained in force long after it had served its purpose, and made Henley a competition limited to gentlemen who could keep their hands clean.

Britain May Lag Behind

There are genuine amateurs, millions of them, who pay every expense connected with their game from the purchase of the ball to the price of a cup of tea for their opponents. And there are thousands more, athletes, footballers, swimmers and boxers of distinction, who, when touring, get their fares and modest expenses, in which they have to account for every penny. But in most sports which can attract gate money, the rules have not stopped the "shamateurs."

The rulers of sport must realise that laws made when sport was the recreation of the leisured few may be completely out of date to-day. The most sensible decision is that of the table-tennis authorities, who resolved that it did not matter whether a player stayed at the Ritz and paid his own expenses or whether he earned a few guineas coaching, giving exhibitions or selling bats. There are neither pros nor amateurs at table-tennis—only players.

Cheap and rapid air transport opens up entirely new possibilities for international sport. But half of these will be lost so long as we take a snobbish attitude towards professionalism and semi-professionalism. In recent years we have refused to compete in Olympic events because we contended that others were not keeping our rules about amateurism. None the less we continued to allow the "shamateurs" in our own ranks, and even gave the gentleman's "Mr." to visiting Australian and South African cricketers who got expenses and a useful "bonus" based on gate money at the end of the tour. No wonder the world thought us hypocrites.

Children are Shoeless—and Winter is Coming

Youngsters going barefoot or wearing shoddy footwear are endangering their deportment and health for life

by Wm. J. GAGE

DURING MY CONSTANT TRAVELS up and down the country I have been astonished by the large number of shoeless children I have seen. When I was in Wales recently it was common to see, not one child, but whole groups of boys and girls playing in the open with nothing on their feet.

At Nantlle Valley, where it rained most of the time I was in the district, I saw as many as twelve youngsters together who were either shoeless or wearing shoes that were so worn as to be useless.

Youngsters, naturally, do not bother about the dangers they are storing up for themselves later in life by turning out in all kinds of weather either barefoot or in leaking shoes.

Their parents realise the health dangers, but are faced by lack of coupons, shortage of money, and, above all, the disgracefully shoddy footwear which some manufacturers are putting on the market.

Before I go further, let me say that there is a serious trade depression in the Nantlle district of Wales. Wage earners have little to spare after they have paid their rent and household expenses.

I talked to a mother of three children. "My husband's in the Army," she told me, "and I do office cleaning five mornings a week to make ends meet.

"I've bought three pairs of shoes for my eldest lad in the past ten months. The last pair cost me 12s. 6d. They came unstitched after only five weeks' wear.

"I took them back to the shop and the manager said he couldn't do anything about it. He went on to say that his life was made a misery by people who kept complaining."

That Welsh woman is only one of thousands who have been enduring similar burdens for years.

The shoddiness of the material was further emphasised when she took the shoes to be repaired. There was no one in her district who did repairs, so she spent the fare on a visit to Caernavon, several miles away.

The repairers were sympathetic, but could do nothing. "Shoes like these wouldn't stand it," said one old-established trader. "The uppers are made of such poor material that they have perished. They can't be repaired."

That is why her lad, healthy and energetic like most youngsters, was going barefoot. That is why—even if his impoverished mother could have found the money *and the coupons* for a new pair—he would be shoeless again in a month or so.

The tragedy of this little Nantlle boy is only one of thousands. The shortage of good boots and shoes for children—in some places it is as bad for adults—is more acute than ever to-day.

Foot deformities in children are growing. Rheumatic troubles are likely to develop later. In a large number of areas children are being deprived of their education because the authorities will not allow them to attend school when their footwear is either non-existent or a menace to health.

Recently, a high official at the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, London, said that as a result of the appalling footwear situation large numbers of children are suffering with weak ankles and flat feet. In later life, he added, many will never be able to do work which involves periods of standing up.

The Board of Trade must give the situation its urgent attention so that the supply of stout footwear for children can be increased before the worst winter weather is upon us.

Now that the needs of the Services are lessened, more good quality leather should be diverted to the boot and shoe manufacturing centres. And a stipulation should be made that a large proportion of this leather must go to the making of children's shoes.

Further, the number of coupons required for children's shoes should be reduced. This would at least help parents who have been fobbed off with poor quality shoes which last only a few weeks.

On Leave—Earned £100!

TO come home on leave after four years' service overseas and earn a £100 cheque with 4 simple words was recently the thrilling experience of Leading Aircraftman G. F. Fussell, 12, Cricklade Road, Bristol. This, with a free Holiday, was his reward for heading *Bullets* 1,490th prize-list with the telling effort, Barrier To Peace—Removable—Put *That* "Across"!

Before his war service, L.A.C. Fussell was a regular "Bulleteer" with several small prizes to his credit. And his speedy success on resuming his hobby shows that even if you have been out of touch with *Bullets* for years, there is no reason why the coupon below should not win you £200 Cash and a Celebration Week-end.

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G. W. Ward, 22, Allendale Avenue, Wallsend, Northumberland.
Roof And Four Walls—Left Standing—Lot, Notwithstanding!

3 of £4 :
W. H. Cowmeadow, 13, Christchurch Street, Cambridge.
Voice Within—Groomer Lacks Even That!
L.A.C. F. Emery, Eccleshall Road, Great Bridgeford, Stafford.
Behind Hedge—The Far-flung *Umpire!*
Mrs. K. Medd, 17, Rowan Avenue, High Wycombe, Bucks.
First-class Brains—Deciding Our Future Shortages!

A list of 25 winners of £2 and £00 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted. Additional £25 Bonus, as offered, shared by 25 winners of £2 and over.

OUTRIGHT WIN—CHEQUE AND RADIO XWORD 444.

WINNING WORDS : 1. Knaves. 2. Forced. 3. Dam or Day. 4. Cold. 5. Bot. 6. Star. 7. Gall. 8. Canes or Capes. 9. Wilds. 10. Cod. 11. Stock. 12. Grab. 13. Mash. 14. Power.

£50 & RADIO WINNER :—B. Smith, 4, Wantage Street, South Shields. Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 4 entrants. Winner and Runners-up receive Fountain Pen as offered.

WIN A WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO AND £200!

Following this fine 2-in-1 First Prize come £20 plus Pen, £10 plus Pen, 5 of £5, 5 of £4, 50 of 10s., 200 of 2s. 6d. and 1,500 Merit Awards.

Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated October 6 with details of £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

HOUSEWIFE BRITANNIA
MATTER OF MONEY
LABOUR'S SHIP
MY LITTLE WORLD
FROM UNCLE SAM
LET'S BE THANKFUL
HORRORS OF WAR
IN OUR YOUTH
THE TRUTH CAME OUT AND
WEARY AND WORN
GETS US NOWHERE
WHEN WORK'S ABOLISHED
SHABBY
SAFE AS HOUSES
HARDLY NOTICED
FOR OUR GOOD
BEWILDERED
MRS. GRUNDY THINKS
LIKE AN ELEPHANT
DAD'S LEARNING GOLF, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

TO SAVE HIS.....
ATOM OF.....
MORE THAN.....
WITH A LITTLE.....
TIME TO.....
WAS IT A...../.....; OR

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,496, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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write to JOHN BULL about it

How to Avoid Loneliness in a Big City

Boy's gallantry goes unrewarded. Subjects the Government will teach ex-Service people

"MANY YEARS AGO there was a book published called *Alone in London*. I have been thinking about it a lot lately because I am in the same position. It is getting me down.

"Things are all right during the day, for I have my regular work to do. But I am living in rooms and the long winter evenings are approaching. Perhaps I am not a sociable sort of chap. I am bored with films and don't dance. I need some friends. Can you make any suggestions?"

Buy a sixpenny copy of *Floodlight* from a bookstall and go through the long list of evening classes arranged by the London County Council. Try joining one of the literary institutes which are open practically every night of the week from September until June. The all-in cost is very modest—15s.

In such a place you are bound to meet plenty of people. Those taking the same subjects as yourself will naturally share your tastes and enthusiasms, so you will have plenty in common from the beginning.

Lonely people in other big towns and cities all over the British Isles can also find new friends and interests in local institutes and evening classes. If they are not advertised already, the Town Hall would give details.

"RECENTLY IN MY VILLAGE a twelve-year-old boy gallantly dived into the river and rescued a woman and two children who were in danger of drowning. As neither the vicar nor the schoolmaster nor anyone else in a responsible position has done anything to secure recognition of the plucky act, I am wondering how to get in touch with the appropriate authority. I am no relation of the boy or his family, but I don't like to see such an act pass unnoticed."

The Royal Humane Society will almost certainly do something to recognise the lad's gallant action. They will naturally have to investigate the facts. They will want evidence from the people who were rescued and from reliable witnesses. The boy should be awarded either a certificate or a medal. I suggest that you collect the facts yourself and send particulars to the Royal Humane Society, Watergate House, York Buildings, London, W.C.2.

"I AM A GIRL of seventeen. My father died when I was very young and I was brought up by my mother.

"On VJ night I had heaps of fun with my friends and did not get home until 1 a.m. My mother was waiting for me with a cane. The caning was painful, but I was far more hurt by being treated like a child. I don't bear any malice. What can I say to my mother?"

Your mother had no right whatever to act as she did. Tell her that you will never submit to such treatment again. In the eyes of the law you are old enough to live your own life. If you can earn an honest living, you can leave home and she cannot make you return.

No doubt your mother tells herself that she inflicted the punishment for your own good. Secretly she may have got satisfaction from it, and will want to do it again. But don't allow it to happen.

"I HAVE OFTEN SEEN REFERENCES to the Government training centres for young men and women who went into the Services just when they should have been starting on a career, but there seems to be an absence of precise information. What subjects are taught? Are living allowances given, and, if so, how much?"

At the Government vocational training centres priority will be given to building crafts. The courses will last from three to six months, followed by further training while the man is working on the actual job.

Subjects include agriculture, shorthand typing, leather goods making, retail distribution, radio servicing, tailoring, watch and clock repairing, typewriter repairing.

Schemes are in preparation for baking, boot and shoe making and repairing, civil engineering trades, furniture manufacture, piano making, pottery, saddlery and harness making, glove making, and other trades.

Persons eligible for training are those who have served in the Forces, and those who have been directed to work of national importance and have thereby been prevented from establishing themselves in skilled employment.

The allowances paid during training are 60s. a week for men, 47s. for women, and rather less for younger people. These amounts are free of income tax.

DOUBLED XWORD CASH £100

£100 FIRST PRIZE. Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. It's not fair for sportsman to ease up after winning this—C□P. 2. Should not be allowed to collect on good workman's tools—□UST. 3. Leaving his old pals in army, demobilised soldier may feel—WRE□CH. 4. At times objects to boaters using special stretch of river—CO□. 5. What visitor to city is occasionally shown—□OOR. 6. Art student ruled by this loses originality—HE□D. 7. Restricts a man's prospect—C□INK. 8. Average one isn't rated very highly—GAR□ET. 9. From which erratic firing may result—□UEL. 10. Most these are keen on collecting—D□NS. 11. Often pretty crowded to-day—□EWS. 12. Conditions may make one feel almost justified in stealing—CRU□T. 13. Is apt to get into hot water—□AN. 14. A record may turn out to be one of—L□G.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Oct. 6 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark **—MONDAY, Sept. 24.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 448, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 444 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Ex-Service Cars and the Public

R. V., Chelmsford, and others: During the four months ended July, the Ministry of War Transport received many thousands of applications for permits to purchase reconditioned ex-Service cars, but only 229 cars were available for sale.

Until the supply increases, therefore, the Ministry is issuing permits only to nurses and midwives, and to disabled ex-Servicemen (not less than 25 per cent. disability) who need a car to follow an occupation. When it is possible to meet demands from additional categories, a further announcement will be made.

J. S., Rotherham: The Poor Persons' Committee, The Law Society, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, may grant legal aid to secure a divorce if the applicant does not earn more than £4 per week and does not possess more than £100 in money or goods. If help is granted, the applicant will be required to pay £5 for the solicitor's out-of-pocket expenses. The rest will be done without fee.

C. S., Margate: The fact that you do not know your Approved Society number does not prevent you from making a claim for maternity benefit and the Society should be able to trace your insurance. We advise you to proceed in the usual way, and, if any difficulty arises, write to the Ministry of National Insurance, Insurance Department, Blackpool, Lancashire, and ask for assistance in the settlement of your claim.

The statutory amount of maternity benefit is £2, which is subject to increase if the Society has an additional benefit scheme under which such benefit is allowed. No other grant from National Health Insurance can be claimed.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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FOOD (MF) FACTS

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SLOW ROASTING—

a new way to make the joint tender

A Sunday joint that turns out tough is wasteful as well as disappointing, so if you have any doubts about the tenderness of your meat; try slow roasting. This method takes a cooler oven and a longer time than ordinary roasting, but it ensures the joint being tender. It is specially good for very small joints, and those not usually tender enough for ordinary roasting, such as topside, aitch-bone, middle ribs or brisket of beef, best end of neck or breast of lamb, spare ribs of pork, neck or breast of veal.

HOW TO SLOW ROAST. Put the meat in the roasting pan, adding a little dripping if the joint is very lean. Cook in a slow to moderate oven (325°F-350°F), that is, about the same heat as for a large fruit cake. Cooking time depends on the weight and thickness of the meat. For joints weighing 3-8 lb. the average is about 45 minutes per lb. for pork, beef and lamb, and 50 minutes for veal. Smaller joints need longer per lb.

Basting : Basting is unnecessary, unless the joint is very lean.

Yorkshire Pudding and Roast Potatoes. If Yorkshire pudding and roast potatoes are to be served with slow roasted meat, the oven must be made hotter for the last half-hour of cooking. Parboil, that is half cook, the potatoes first. Drain off a little fat from the meat tin into a separate pan, roll the potatoes in this, and cook them in the hottest part of the oven. They take less dripping this way. If you have not sufficient oven room to roast the potatoes separately, cook them with the meat, and brown them off in increased heat during the last half-hour.

How to make Thick Gravy. Lift the meat from the roasting pan and keep it hot. Pour off the fat carefully, leaving 1 tablespoon for every ½ pint of gravy required. Mix in 2 level tablespoons of flour to each tablespoon of fat. Stir until smooth and cook for 1 to 2 minutes. Remove from the heat and add hot vegetable water or stock. Put back on the stove and stir until boiling. Boil 5 minutes, season well, and add a little gravy browning if necessary.

NOTE: See next week's "FOOD FACTS" for hints on BRAISING.

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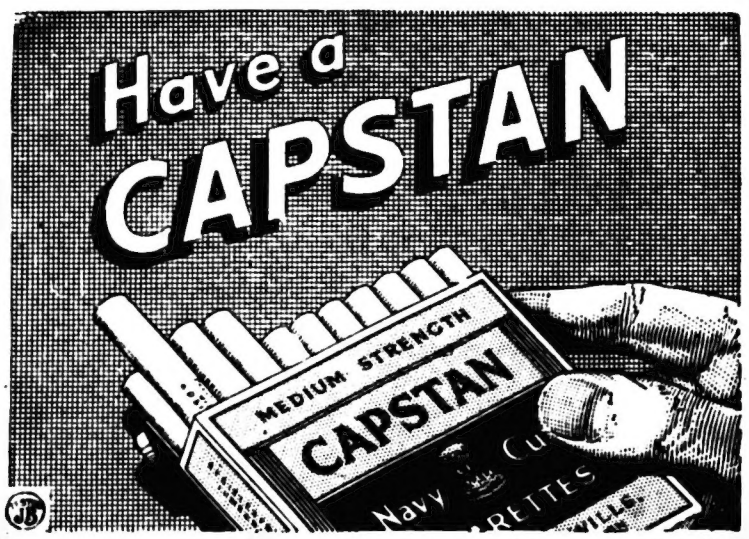

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